The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.
[*Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.*]

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone. John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist. John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck. J. N. Dinges.

Remember, voters, that Messrs. Woodward and Rhone emphatically deny the fencing canard.

The Pittsbuag *Post* has a neat new head. It does not need new brains—the old have always been sound and made its head level.

If this was not a democratic congressional district we would gladly see Rynder elected to congress just for the sake of having a fellow there who could hold Kelly, Randall, Carlisle and such chaps level.

Miles Walker is certain of a solid Democratic support for Sheriff, any reports to the contrary notwithstanding, and we are assured he will have many Republican votes where he is known. His qualifications for the place are No. 1.

Chas. Smith, candidate for Treasurer, will have one of the largest votes on the Democratic ticket. Everybody thinks well of Charley. He is well qualified, has a good reputation, and has been one of the hardest working Democrats in the county. Give Charley a big hist on November 4.

If Butler wants to make sure of the presidency let him try this plan: Let him run on Mrs. Lockwook's ticket for vice-president, and if elected marry the widow; after the inauguration he can manage to fall out with her, get a divorce and that leaves the white-house all to himself.

There is still another presidential candidate in the field. The Drummers (traveling agents) held a National convention at Louisville, last week, and nominated Joseph Mulhatton for President. Now let the defeated candidates for office in Centre county meet on Nittany mountain and also nominate a candidate for President, and then let the doors be closed and the race begin.

Hayes, the fraudulent, turned up in New York, a few days ago. Nobody turned out to meet him, greet him, cheer him or bid him welcome. He is a forgotten outcast, wanted nowhere, and not even missed by the villagers of Freemont when he goes abroad. We doubt whether the wandering Jew would have him as a traveling companion. The last tribe of Israel are not forgetten, but Hayes is.

Blaine's denial of his transactions in the Little Rock swindle, has been proven a deliberate falsehood. His denial of having any interest in the Hocking Valley corporation has been proven false by letters and vouchers over his own signatures. Is such a man fit for President of a Christian land like the United States?

Blaine has been proven guilty of having asked for pay for rulings while Speaker of the House. Honest Republicans, can you vote for him?

Mr. Blaine's nomination has been productive of the most extraordinary results on our people ever known in a Presidential election since Lincoln's time, says the Bellefonte *Republican*. Yes, it has produced Blaine's dodging of the prohibition amendment. It has produced the ugly Mulligan letters. It has produced the Hocking valley miners' trouble and his falsehood about it, and it has produced the fact that he got married twice in one year to same lady.

—Bellefonte had a sensation one day last week. A resident of that town, Mr. Whippo, committed suicide by shooting himself in Spangler's furniture rooms. Whippo was lying upon a bed or lounge, and at a moment when no one was near, he sent a ball into his brain from a revolver, which killed him almost instantly. Whippo, we are informed, was a man of no good habits. He leaves a wife and several children.

T. P. Rynder, of Milesburg, has announced himself as the g. b. candidate for congress in this district. There would be as much sense in it if he had announced himself as a candidate for Tycoon of Japan. There is not greenback material enough in the entire district to dance a hoe-down or play old sledge. The best thing that Rynder can do is to get back into the organ business—there is a great deal more music in that than in the congress business, self-nominated, with no other vote but his own to count on, if not swapped off before polling it.

The temperance party of this county has put a local ticket in the field. The men nominated are respectable enough, but who is going to vote for them? In Centre county the men who talk temperance may number 2000, but the men who vote temperance scarcely number 200. Now this is a fact, and the number polled will show it. Hundreds of men are heard to talk temperance, but if a tippling friend runs for office in opposition to one on the prohibition ticket, however worthy, if there is a little personal matter, nine cases out of ten the temperance man votes for the tippler.

It is astonishing how much room there is left for consistency even among temperance politicians and it would not take a magnifying glass of very high power to discover that occasionally some are the tools of the whisky ring to create a *mish mosh*, as the German would say, in the temperance work.

There is no denying the fact that James G. Blaine is dishonest and untruthful. The Mulligan letters and the Hocking valley business, attempting to monopolize immense iron and coal interests, prove conclusively that he is venal and corrupt. That kind of men have been at the head of the government too much in the last twenty years, and the cry for Reform coming from Democrats and independent Republicans, means that the corruptionists shall be out of power and honest men only elected. With Blaine as President the worst elements will be seated at Washington and Reform will be postponed at least four years. Cleveland has acted the Reformer as Mayor of Buffalo and as governor of the great state of New York. This is admitted. Blaine has been corrupt, venal and deceptive—this is not only admitted, but proven by his own letters. The true issue in this campaign is between honest government and economy in the expenditures, and corruption and extravagance. The first is represented by Governor Cleveland, the second by James G. Blaine.

Politics in Centre county on the surface seems very calm, but the observer can see a strong under-current. The people are not hurrahing, but are reading and thinking, and that is a favorable sign. The people are not excited, yet they are wide awake, and the more they read and the more they think the greater becomes the calm conviction that a change is needed, and that the monopolists and jobbers who have ruled so long should be turned out, and the millionaire making machine be crushed. All the millionaires we now have thank the Republican party for their ill-gotten wealth. All the poverty and misery there is among the working classes comes from the Republican policy which gives to the rich and aids to the reduction of the wages of the poor.

The Republicans have time and again promised better wages to the workingmen for their votes. The workingmen find themselves cheated. All the profits have gone to the monopolists and poverty has been the lot of the working classes.

Vote for Reform—vote for Cleveland a tried Reformer.

A change must be for the better.

The greenback state convention which was in session at Bellefonte two weeks ago was nothing more than a miserable farce, with no object or purpose, more than to put itself in market to the highest bidder. Several years ago when the greenback side-show was used to draw votes from the Democratic party it was led in this county by Mr. Thomas and other local Republican leaders. Now since it does not serve such a purpose Mr. Thomas announces he is no longer a greenbacker. With Mr. Thomas the cry then was that greenbackers only could save the country from going to the demnition bow wows, but now he thinks the only salvation lies in Blaine and a high tariff, altho' under the tariff tinkering of Mr. Thomas' party the workingmen of the land are on the verge of starvation. It was readily observable that there is always a set of men in the land who don't care a copper for the country or the toiling masses—they bellow loudest and longest in favor of honest government and the welfare of the people, but it is all hypocrisy, they are great wolves in sheeps' skins to enable them to devour the flock.

When will the people get to understand these humbugs and political side-shows? The greenback party in this state was at no time manned by any thing but broken down hacks, and political lepers who sought only the highest bidders.

There is all the honesty one can desire in the Democratic ranks; the Republican party has some good and sincere men in it, but the greenbackers, and other kindred side-shows, past, present and yet to come, are simply excrescences to be shunned by men of honesty.

BLAINE'S VALUATION OF THE MULLIGAN LETTERS.

It seems that Mr. Blaine regarded Warren Fisher as his friend so late as the spring of 1880. Indeed Mr. Blaine was so well satisfied with Mr. Fisher's course in regard to the Little Lock and Fort Smith transaction that about the time just mentioned he arranged a meeting with Mr. Fisher at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York city, at which he proposed that if Fisher would get the tell-tale letters from Mulligan he would pay ten thousand dollars and that Fisher and Mulligan should go to Europe and remain there at his (Blaine's) expense until after the election. This was in 1880, a short time before Garfield was nominated and when Blaine confidently expected to become the republican candidate for the presidency.

This latest development concerning the Mulligan letter is made in a communication of Warren Fisher to Mr. Kobbe, a lawyer of New York city, who is a relative of Fisher's, under date of July 12, 1884. The letter to Kobbe states that Mulligan declined Blaine's offer and that he declared that "Blaine had stolen his letters at Washington and should never have what he held at any price." Probably Mr. Blaine will suggest that there was "nothing inconsistent with the highest integrity" in his proposition to Fisher and Mulligan that they should go to Europe and remain there until after the election. Probably, too, he will recommend the publication of Fisher's letter to Kobbe in all the republican papers.

The attempt of Mr. Blaine to buy from Mulligan the letters still remaining in the latter's possession and the high price he offered for them show how much the tattooed candidate feared their publication.

A CORRECTION.

Week before last certain statements were published in the REPORTER, from a citizen of Miles, touching the character of the Republican nominee for Sheriff, Mr. Royer. In a card below the statements are denied by a number of Mr. Royer's neighbors and his good character is vouched for. We cheerfully publish the denial as simple justice to the party affected. We will not knowingly allow our columns to misrepresent any one, and where statements are published like those referred to which reputable citizens afterwards testify are unfounded, we gladly give space to a denial. The following card will explain itself, and is the close of the subject in these columns:

REBERSBURG, Pa., Oct. 3, '84.

EDITOR REPORTER—*Dear Sir:* An article having appeared in your last issue impugning the private character of our neighbor, Henry G. Royer, we deem it but due to Mr. Royer to say that we, having known him for many years, consider him to be a man of honesty and integrity, esteemed by all fair-minded citizens, and that he would be incapable of committing the indiscretions with which he is charged in the article alluded to. We make this statement not to "boom" Mr. Royer's chances for sheriff, as we are Democrats and have our candidate, but as a matter of justice to a worthy citizen and neighbor who has been misrepresented.

HENRY MEYER, I. SHEETZ,
DAVID WOLF, DAVID GEARY,
JOHN WOLF, GEO. B. HAINES,
JAS. MOWRY, CYRUS BRUMGART,
BENJ. BECK, JNO. K. HOSTERMAN,
W. H. STROUSE, EMANUEL GEISTWEITE.

The Independent Republican committee, of New York, report that 45,891 Republican voters have, so far, pledged themselves against Blaine and for Cleveland. It is authoritatively reported that the Stalwarts who propose to bolt Blaine and vote for Cleveland in the state number 43,675. Add up these two elements of disaffection:

Bolting Independents	45,891
Bolting Stalwarts	43,675
Total	88,566

Each Republican vote against Blaine counts two for Cleveland. Hence, regard the above figures in this way:

	89,566
	2
	179,131

Such a great total as this to overcome to win the state for Blaine makes a demand on his followers which neither magnetism nor money can supply.

BUTLER GETTING READY.

Butler—"Do you print election tickets?"

Printer—"Yes, sir; we turn them out by the million."

Butler—"Good! I want two."

Printer—"Two million?"

Butler—"Two tickets—one for me and one for Dana."—Philad. *Call.*

CONGRESSIONAL CONFERENCE.

Centre and Clearfield Withdraw and Nominate Curtin.

The congressional conference of this district met at Bellefonte on Tuesday and after a number of unsuccessful balotings adjourned to meet this morning. The ballot reached 169. The conferees of Centre and Clearfield, who represent a majority of the Democratic voters of the district, organized and put an end to the muddle, by nominating Hon. A. G. Curtin for congress.

In the evening a ratification meeting was held in the court-house, which was chuck-full and the nomination was accepted by Gov. Curtin in a speech and was enthusiastically endorsed, by Democrats and Republicans, among the speakers were Col. Hastings and Colonel Milliken, both leading Republicans. The Republicans will make no nomination, admitting the great usefulness, ability and distinguished service of the war-governor, they will join with the Democrats in re electing Curtin. Gov. Curtin will go back to congress with a large endorsement of the people of this district, whose choice he was and is.

The conferees of Union, Elk, Mifflin and Clinton were to meet this morning (Wednesday) at 8 a. m. What they will do is hard to say—the only sensible thing they can do is to ratify the nomination of Curtin, made by the other two counties—Centre and Clearfield. The four counties being a majority, would present the semblance of regularity in that respect, but they are standing in opposition to the will of the people of the district, and the stand that Centre and Clearfield has been forced to take to end the muddle by nominating Curtin will be endorsed.

LATEST.—The conferees of the four counties met and nominated Hall, of Elk for congress.

NO JUDGE YET.

The judicial conference met at Bellefonte on Tuesday and adjourned without making a nomination. Both Hoy and Bailey, Democrats, will run, and this will bring about the election of Mr. Furst, Republican, as President Judge. We trust something will be done to bring about harmony and the election of a Democrat.

BLAINE CONVICTED.

His Connection with the Hocking Valley Trouble Proved.

New York, October 7.—At a meeting of the national labor party held here in Clarendon hall, 114 East Thirteenth st., last night, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of ten be appointed to prepare a circular to send to all the trade and labor organizations of the country, notifying them that after investigation by the national labor party they find the charge to be true that James G. Blaine was a stock holder in the Hocking Valley Coal and Iron Company and also in the Standard Iron and Coal Company, which companies discharged union laborers and employed imported Hungarian laborers at eighty cents a day and their wives and children at 15 cents a day to take their place, and also employed Pinkerton's police to shoot the union men down if they resisted this employment of pauper labor.

Resolved, That we urge all friends of honest labor and American labor to work and vote against James G. Blaine as the enemy of honest labor and a false and dishonest protectionist.

J. J. Cavanaugh, J. D. Philips, J. H. Thompson, F. Zimmermeyer, J. A. McGrann, William Elliott, A. Chapman, E. Sampson, J. Crotean, W. S. Woolf, Committee.

SUICIDE OF A WIDOW AT THE RESIDENCE OF HON. S. R PEALE.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* says: Annie Johnson, a widow in the employ of Mrs. S. R. Peale, committed suicide in the cellar of Mrs. Peale's residence Sunday forenoon, 5. She had been in the employ of Mrs. Peale only nine days and seemed during those few days to be in good spirits. As she had no ties in Sweden, from where she had come two years ago, and as her children were all well taken care of in this city, her act is difficult to explain. Evidently, it was caused by temporary insanity. For a day or two the woman had complained a little of not feeling well and Mrs. Peale called in a physician who had prescribed for her. On Sunday morning Mrs Peale inquired of her how she felt, and received the reply that she did not feel quite well. She prepared breakfast as usual; washed the breakfast dishes and made preparations for dinner. These preparations were in progress at 10 o'clock when Mrs. Peale went to church. Returning at 1:30 in the afternoon she found that dinner was not ready. Upon searching the building Mrs. Johnson was found lying in the cellar with a long knit garter string tied tightly around her neck. She was cold and stiff, and had evidently been dead two hours and more. Investigation revealed the fact that she had first fastened the garter around her neck in a sliding noose and fastened it to a nail in the wall. The nail broke and she fell to the ground. She then evidently drew the garter tightly around her neck and strangled to death.

THE ELECTIONS.

OHIO.—The dispatches received last night were meagre. The Republicans are reported having carried the state by 12,000. Great rioting was reported in Cincinnati and a number of persons killed.

WEST VIRGINIA.—West Virginia has gone Democratic by a large majority.

The Republican congressional conference met at Bellefonte on Tuesday and resolved not to nominate a candidate in opposition to Curtin.

THOSE MULLIGAN LETTERS.

Warren Fisher Goes into Details Regarding Their Purchase by Mr. Blaine.

Boston, Oct. 12.—In reference to Mr. Blaine's denial of the assertion of Warren Fisher that he (Blaine) had offered a sum of money for the Mulligan letters, Mr. Fisher, in an interview, says that, at the request of Elisha Atkins, and at the special request of Mr. Blaine, he went to New York in the spring of 1880 and met Blaine at the Fifth Avenue hotel; then and there Blaine made his request.

"Definitely stated, Mr. Fisher, what was Blaine's request?"

"To obtain, for money or otherwise, from Jim Mulligan all letters, copies of letters, all the letter books, copies from letter books and memoranda of every name and nature in which Mr. Blaine was mentioned or had any interest."

"What was the amount to be paid for the delivery of these?"

"The amount to be paid was not limited. I was to pay $10,000 if I could not obtain them for less. Mr. Blaine further said that John Cummings, the partner of Elisha Atkins & Co., could furnish all the money for the purchase of the letters, and he authorized me to confer with Mr. Cummings about the money to be paid Mulligan if the letters could be purchased."

"Did Elisha Atkins know of this proposition?"

"Certainly. He knew of my progress from time to time about the purchase of the letters, and stated that his partner had all the funds required if the purchase was made, as his partner (Mr. Cummings) had recently sold all of Blaine's Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad stock at about $30 per share, which Mr. Atkins thought at the time was a foolish sale, as the stock afterward advanced, reaching about $60."

WHO ARE FOR BLAINE?

Why Jay Gould and the Land Grabbers are Pouring Out Their Money.

(New York Letter—Philad. Times.)

Jay Gould is for Blaine. In times past Gould has said that he was neither a Republican nor a Democrat and gave both sides a little money. That was before he had such vast interests at stake. His every interest now is in the direction of hoisting the price of Western Union stock, of which he owns 300,000 shares; Missouri Pacific, of which he owns 120,000 shares or more; Union Pacific, of which he holds 30,000 shares or more; Manhattan Elevated, Kansas and Texas, Wabash, St. Louis and San Francisco and the various issues of these schemes. Little cares Gould who is President, provided he gets a market for his shares and his patent mouse-trap generally. Vanderbilt is in the same boat. These two richest men in America have seen their fortunes shrink millions of dollars each since that fatal discharge of the Guiteau pistol. An elegant writer in the Boston *Herald* showed not long ago that Gould is not worth within $24,000,000 what he was in 1881 and for every dollar lost by him through this great shrinkage in values Vanderbilt must have suffered dollar for dollar. It has been a shrinkage that has wiped out such millionaires as Villard and Garrison and Baldwin, of the Louisville and Nashville road, and George I. Seney. Gould and Vanderbilt have hung on because of the magnitude of their wealth. Any considerable further shrinkage must cripple them. No wonder, then, that they grasp at the straws of Republican victory. Gould has given the Republican committee $50,000 already and has promised as much more if needed.

THE UNION PACIFIC CLAIMS.

But Gould has a deeper motive than the advancement of the price of his securities a few points. He knows that under the Blaine administration it will be comparatively easy to settle the Government claims which are hanging over the Union Pacific, and that the way will be prepared to open up the Indian Territory to settlers, which must make Kansas and Texas securities very valuable property. Steve Elkins has land schemes in the Southwest, which are to be developed after Mr. Blaine gets in the Presidential chair, and Elkins and Gould are chums of long standing. A settlement of the Union Pacific Government tangle would alone put hundreds of thousands of dollars in Gould's pocket. There are land grants, too, that Gould is anxious to have protected, and which would be safer under Blaine's friendly eye than under Grover Cleveland's scrutiny. For the same reasons the Southern Pacific, the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Northern Pacific interests are anxious for Blaine's election, and the representatives of these roads have already made contributions or will do so. They very well know that under a Democratic administration they would have to live up to their obligations toward the Government or suffer severely. Their whole influence and their money are on Mr. Blaine's side. It is a marked and suggestive feature of the canvass that the delinquent corporations and the land grabbers and the old Star Route men are a unit for Blaine.

—The officials of the operating department, under Mr. Westfall, went over the new railroad this afternoon and have now taken charge of it to Oak Hall, and will prepare schedule for running trains.

Mr. Vandyke has pipe laid for water tank at Oak Hall, but the company has been slow in ordering the tank.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, Thomas J. Dunkle, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1884,

[being the Tuesday, next, following the first Monday in November] at which time the following officers will be elected, to wit:

2 persons for Electors-at-Large for President and Vice President of the United States;

27 persons for District Electors for President and Vice President of the United States.

One person for Congressman-at-Large for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Congressman from this district.

One person for President Judge of the district of Centre and Huntingdon counties.

One person for Associate Judge for the county Centre.

Two persons for members of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, for Centre County.

One person for High Sheriff for the county of Centre.

One person for Prothonotary for the County of Centre.

One person for Treasurer for the county of Centre.

One person for Register for the county of Centre.

One person for Recorder for the county of Centre.

Three persons for Commissioners for the county of Centre.

Three persons for Auditors for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines at the public house of And. Immel at Aaronsburg west precinct.

Haines township, east precinct, at the school house in Woodward.

For the township of Half Moon at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Merry man.

For the township of Potter, north precinct, at the public house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, southern precinct, at the public house of D. H. Ruhl, Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, northern precinct, at Murry's school house.

For the township of Gregg, southern precinct, at the public house owned by J B Fisher, of Penn Hall.

For the township of College in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, new precinct, in the school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the borough and township of Howard at the school house of said borough.

For the township of Rush, northern precinct, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Rush, southern precinct, at Powelstown school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, east precinct, at the school house in Snow Shoe town.

For the township of Snow Shoe, west precinct, at the Moshannon school house.

For the township of Marion at the house of Joel King in Jacksonsville.

For the borough of Milesburg at the school house of Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, north precinct, at the Walker school house.

For the township of Boggs, south precinct, at the Central City school house.

For the township of Huston at the Silver Dale school house.

For the township of Penn at the public house of Joseph Kleckner, Coburn.

For the borough of Millheim at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said borough.

For the township of Liberty in the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside at the school house of J K Boak.

For the township of Curtin at the school house of Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union at the new school house at Unionville.

For the first and Second wards of the borough of Philipsburg at the large public school house.

For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg at the small public school house.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That all persons, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold an office or appointment of any profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law capable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for.

TICKETS TO BE VOTED.

The qualified electors will take notice of the following acts of Assembly, approved the 12th day of March, 1866: "An act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this Commonwealth."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the qualified electors for the several counties of the Commonwealth, at all general, township, borough and special elections are hereby authorized and required to vote by tickets, printed or written, or partly printed or partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of judges of courts voted for and to be labeled outside "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the State officers to be voted for, and shall be labeled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the officers voted for, including the office of Senator and members of the Assembly, if voted for, and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the township officers voted for, and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the borough officers voted for, and be labeled "Borough;" and each class shall be deposited in separate ballot-boxes.

THOMAS J. DUNKLE,
Sheriff of Centre County.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

A remarkable book has recently been sold in London for £980. It is a MS. of 257 folio leaves of vellum, written in the fifteenth century, and is a chronicle of the early history of Normandy. Nothing can exceed the minute delicacy of the miniatures with which it has been embellished, from the first of them, which represents the arrival of Duke Rollo at Rouen, to the last, which represents the siege of Chalus, where Richard Cœur de Lion received his death wound from an arrow shot by Bertrand de Gourdon. The series include the death of Edward the Confessor and the coronation of Harold, the landing of William the Conqueror, the battle of Hastings, the carrying of Harold's body to Waltham Abbey, the funeral of William, and the coronation of Rufus by Archbihop Lanfrano—all executed in the highest style of Burgundian art, and with the minutest attention to every detail of architecture, costume and armor.

COMPENSATION.

The truest words we ever speak
  Are words of cheer.
Life has its shade, its valleys deep;
But round our feet the shadows creep,
  To prove the sunlight near.
Between the hills those valleys sleep—
  The sun-crowned hills.
And down their sides will those who seek
With hopeful spirit, brave though meek,
  Find gently flowing rills.

For every cloud, a silvery light;
  God wills it so.
For every vale a shining height;
A glorious morn for every night;
  And birth for labor's throe.
For snow's white wing, a verdant field;
  A gain for loss.
For buried seed the harvest yield;
For pain, a strength, a joy revealed,
  A crown for every cross.

THE BLUE CHAMBER.

A small party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in conversation were sitting after dinner in the spacious grounds of an ancient manor.

The doors of the mansion stood wide open. The evening breeze whispered and rustled through the branches of the huge lindens, the shadows grew longer and longer, ink-black beneath the leafy roofs of boughs, lighter on the patches of turf.

It was a mild summer evening, still, yet full of strange, mysterious sounds; the soft breeze floated into the doors, bearing with it the heavy fragrance of the flowers. In the gathering dusk the members of the group could scarcely see each other.

Conversation languished, passing from subject to subject; no one seemed inclined to enter upon a lengthy discussion.

Suddenly one of the party began to relate an anecdote of a ghost he had seen on an evening like this. The plan was successful. Several tales followed; but the young daughter of the house, Anna, continued to ask for more. It was so amusing to hear these marvelous stories, imagine the white and black spectres moving noiselessly in dense shadow or dazzling moonlight, feel a strange horror chill her blood and then lean against her mother, finding safety in her embrace. She could not endure Candidate Holst's way of taking these stories; his scornful comments tore ugly rents in the dreamy veil in which she wrapped herself.

He was a medical student and had witnessed many similar things in the hospital. It was owing to sickness acting upon different individuals. Either the patient, when his imagination was excited, mistook a towel, on which the moon was shining, for a phantom, and the shrieking of the wind in the old houses for ghostly cries and the clank of chains, or the whole affair was pure hallucination. A person in a healthy, normal condition never saw ghosts.

The whole party opposed his view. There was surely some truth at the bottom of all these tales. There were a thousand things which could not be explained by natural causes.

Anna was warmly seconded by Holst's younger brother, Victor, who had arrived at the house with him that morning; though he was influenced more by courtesy to the pretty young girl, than because he really felt any fear of ghosts. He could not bear to have his brother appear to place himself in such contemptuous opposition to a pair of such beautiful bright eyes, so he fought a stout battle against his own convictions.

"The history of such things," said the candidate, is contrary to sound sense and reason. They are miserable relics of the darkness of the middle ages, which can only check progress. It would be an utterly idiotic proceeding for dead folk to walk abroad and terrify the living. Tradition carries such tales from generation to generation, and if not subjected to severe scientific criticism they retain their vitality and are believed. It is the same kind of superstition as that which makes simple folk afraid to sit 13 at table. In nine cases out of ten nothing happens, and there isn't even one person who thinks of the matter. In the tenth, perhaps one of the company dies, which is certainly in accordance with the course of nature. Instantly it is said: 'You remember; we sat 13 at table that day.' So the superstition obtains nourishment for a long time. No, thank God, the fresh breeze of knowledge will sweep away all such things like dank unwholesome fogs."

"Yes, we old people must be pardoned," the mistress of the house gently interposed, "we don't come so much in contact with the fresh breeze of science as perhaps we ought. We live, they say, wholly in tradition and this thrives nowhere so well as in an old manor like this. It is very difficult to release ourselves from the ideas in which we were reared, and which our ancestors believed. I am far from being what is called superstitious: I have never been in contact with these strange spirits—yet not for all the world would I sleep in the blue chamber."

"The blue chamber?" cried the whole party in tones of astonishment.

"Yes, we have here, as in so many old manor houses, a room that is said to be haunted. Many hundred years ago a man was murdered there, and since then the ghosts have taken possession of it. The servants talk of strange sounds and sights; none of them like to pass it after dark."

"I was sitting thinking that I should be delighted to occupy a real haunted chamber," said Holst, quietly. "It is a sin to have it remain unused forever. Perhaps I can help dispel this foolish superstition, for I am convinced I shall sleep undisturbed."

At first the mistress of the house would not listen to such a plan, but when the whole party urged, and Anna clasped her arms besechingly around her neck she at last yielded.

Anna thought the scene wonderfully interesting.

"It is really terrible that you dare venture, Candidate Holst," she said, "but I hope you will look really frightened, when you come to breakfast in the morning."

After supper the whole party went to the "blue chamber," which meantime had been put in order to receive the guest. Every corner was examined with the utmost care.

The atmosphere was somewhat oppressive, though the windows were now open. The room was seldom ventilated, and the half moldy air took the liberty of settling in the furniture and curtains. It had evidently always borne the name of the "blue chamber," although the thick carpet was now faded. The furniture was very scanty, but what articles remained were old-fashioned. While time had transformed everything else in the ancient manor, making the stiff carved chairs give way to comfortable arm-chairs, and the old chimney pieces to tile stoves, this room seemed to have preserved its former appearance. It was delivered over to the spirits of the past; no one had attempted to drag it into the present. An article that did not contribute the least in enabling it to retain its ancient character was the huge, exquisitely carved four-post bedstead, which occupied a large portion of the room. The apartment was the last in one wing of the manor, looking out upon the ground, but so near the ground that a person, by the display of some little agility, might climb up.

"It is not impossible," said Holst, after a thorough examination of the chamber, "that the noctural noises mentioned may have been made by vagabonds who settled here for a comfortable night's rest. Victor, do me the favor to get my pistols; they are in my traveling satchel; but don't meddle with the triggers; they are loaded."

Victor went away with a light, and soon after brought the pistols to his brother. The latter primed them freshly, put on new caps and laid them on the table.

"Now, good-night, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all as comfortable rest as I expect to have myself."

"Good-night, wicked free-thinker," said Anna, half admiringly. "I hope you may have different opinions in the morning."

As they all went out Victor whispered to Anna: "I'll answer for it that he shall be thoroughly frightened."

The door was locked and Candidate Holst remained alone in the blue chamber. The sound of footsteps and voices died away; he listened at the door, but all was still. Going to the window, he stood there a few minutes, looking at the grove. The soft night breeze stirred the leaves and branches. Only the nearest trees could be dimly distinguished. Beyond, all was dense, impenetrable darkness, for there was neither moon nor stars in the sky.

"It's really very rare to be free from Madame Luna," said he, "she is so fond of intruding and playing the spy on sensible folk, spite of drawn curtains. For the rest, this is an uncommonly comfortable room. Probably no one of the whole party will have so good a bed to lie in as my lucky self.

"So a man was murdered here, and for the sake of this legend the room has now stood empty hundreds of years. If one could see a few blood stains or similar horrors—but there's no trace of anything of the sort. What matchless power superstition has, even in our enlightened days! I shall consider it a good deed to drive it from this comfortable stronghold."

Lighting a cigar, he paced to and fro smoking, then walked around the bed and closed his eyes with a half shudder. "How timidly the young girl, Anna, is pressing her pretty face against the pillow at the thought that any human being dares to sleep in the blue chamber. She won't even venture to put out her night-lamp for fear of seeing the frightful white shape that must speedily come here and destroy me."

While thus soliloquizing he undressed, opened the canopied bed, and resolutely extinguished the lamp.

There was no sound in the room only it seemed as if he could hear a rustling noise like crickets and a mysterious ticking, as though the famous death-watch was under the carpet. He lay listening a moment, heard the night wind sigh through the trees and the great clock of the manor strike 11, then he fell asleep.

At the end of an hour he suddenly started up in bed, having heard a sound like the opening of a door. A strange shuddering sensation ran through his limbs as he stared fixedly into the room and beheld a white form moving slowly towards the bed.

Terror overpowered him, but the next instant he regained his coolness and shouted in a firm voice: "Who's there?"

No answer, but the shape remained standing in the middle of the floor.

"Who's there? Answer, or as sure as I live I'll fire," he called again, cocking his pistol.

He was once more the quiet, cold-blooded physician, he had surely heard the creaking of a door; it must be a man, a rascal, a murderer, perhaps, but no specter.

Yet, in spite of the pistol's warning snap, the figure did not move.

"Who goes there?" he called again.

Still no sound disturbed the silence of the room.

The physician stretched out his arm and fired.

A flash of light illumined the dusky chamber and the report shook the old tapestry. Scarcely had the sound died away, when a burst of discordant, jeering, fiendish laughter greeted him, and something hard struck his forehead. It was the bullet.

Seized with terrible dread, he fired the other pistol at the motionless white form—again the frightful laughter echoed through the room and the bullet fell heavily back on his own breast.

With a loud shriek, he sank down on the bed.

The form glided noiselessly out of the door.

Early the next morning, while Anna was watering her flowers, Victor came up to her.

"Where is your brother?" she asked.

"He isn't up yet, poor fellow. He has had a terrible fright."

"What was it?"

"If you'll promise to keep silence, I'll tell the whole story. To revenge myself on him I played ghost, first taking care to draw the bullets from his pistol that he might not use the weapon recklessly. Wrapped in sheets, I visited him and threw the balls back at his head when he fired."

"Nothing could be better!" exclaimed Anna But promise me not to speak of it. Your mother might be vexed and he himself must not be undeceived."

"Trust me, I'll be as mute as the grave." The physician did not come; breakfast waited in vain. At last some of the gentlemen went to wake him. He lay with his head stretched over the edge of the bed; his mouth was wide open, his eyes were starting from their sockets and his hair was white as chalk. Life had vanished. His discharged pistols were found by his side. One week after Victor was taken to the insane asylum.

A Midnight Cremation.

The body of an Indian gentleman has been cremated at Etretat, France, in curious circumstances. Baboo Sahed Chatjay, a Marableu gentleman, who had accompanied his son-in-law, Sampatras, the brother of the Maharajah Gaekwar, of Baroda, one of the chief princes of India, to Europe, died recently at Etratat of an abscess in the throat. Permission was requested of the mayor to cremate the body, and he immediately telegraphed the authorities for authorization enabling the Indians to perform their sacred rites. He aided them in every possible way to carry out their intentions. The permission having been granted, at midnight wood was carted down to the north end of the beach, behind a jutting point in the cliff hidden from the town, and there a pile of two or three feet in height was carefully built of logs crossed and re-crossed, with the ends toward the north and south. The ceremony of sprinkling the sacred powder over the body and annointing it was very simple. The fire was in a small earthen bowl and was made of sandalwood, which is difficult to obtain in Etretat. But in this case a carved box, a souvenir of India, was presented for the purpose to the mourners by an English lady, who happened to have it with her. The body was laid upon the pile, with the head toward the north, and then covered with more wood saturated with oil. It was now two o'clock, and the funeral pile was carefully built. The secret of the cremation had been well kept, so that not more than twenty in all were on the spot to witness it. The prince threw the burning incense in the bowl upon the north end of the pile, which instantly caught fire, and the Indians, with raised hands, again repeated, "Ram, ram!" Soon the whole mass was wrapped in a flame that climbed up the cliff, brought the spectators out strongly against the dark background and lit the foamy crest of the waves. In an hour the flames began to subside and more wood was piled on. Gradually the morning dawned upon the ceremony. The wind had blown away most of the cinders, and among those remaining only a few pieces of bone, keeping their form, could be found, and those crumbled when they were touched. What human ashes could be distinguished were gathered up, a part being thrown into the sea and the rest sealed up to be sent to India. By six o'clock every vestige of the cremation had disappeared.

Past labor is present delight.
One ill word asketh another.
Opportunity makes the thief.
Once a use and ever a custom.
Political confectionery—taffy.
Of two evils, choose the least.
Passion is ever the enemy of truth.
Better do well late than never.
Every may-be has a may-be-not.

Polecats.

Polecats are not by any means night hunters, although, no doubt, they filch a good deal of their prey under the cover of darkness. Their favorite time for hunting seems to be the early morning, and as soon as they leave the shelter of their domain they, as a rule, set off for some rabbit burrow—whether tenated or not is immaterial—and indulge in a run through its winding tunnels. After this they will get to some hedgerow and hunt it down. If there be any old palings or a gate adjacent, they are sure to stop and rub themselves against the woodwork; and if several of the "varmints" be together, they may throw off their sober exterior and indulge in a little play; and then they set off in a serious fashion to obtain their food, which they draw as a rule in small portions from many victims. Like all the weasel tribe, the polecat seems to possess an extreme and bloodthirsty rapacity. It is never content to capture and kill sufficient for its own immediate use, but will detroy often as many birds and animals in one day as would serve it for a week, nay, often for a month's sustenance. Hence the large amount of damage this predaceously inclined little creature will commit. The catalogue of what is to its taste in the shape of birds and animals is a long one—all kinds of furred and feathered game, poultry even, to turkeys; rats and some kinds of mice; frogs, eels, and fish. The rabbit, where plentiful, is its most common victim, for it finds bunny a somewhat easy capture in its burrow, where, lying probably unconcious of impending dauger, it may suddenly find the enemy at its throat, whence in a few seconds the marauder will have sucked its life-blood.

Possessed of powers of scent far keener than any hound, the polecat can and will track hares long distances in their wanderings, and eventually effect their capture. Upon the little nut-brown partridge or the more sober looking grouse, it will steal in the early dawn or at "even's stilly hour," and sometimes before the former is aware of the polecat's presence, it will have, by a sharp irresistible bite into its brains, transferred it and perhaps several others beyond the reach of the sportsman's gun. Being at need a strong and rapid swimmer, the polecat has often been known to take eels and other fish from the streams; but unless other food be scarce, it usually refrains from entering the unstable element in search of food. Among poultry, its operations are often wholesale, and must be disheartening to a degree to the industrious henwife, for, as we have said before, it does not confine itself to supplying its actual wants but given the chance of some wholesale killing, it indulges its cruel instincts apparently more for pleasure than for the neccessity of the thing. It is this habit, common to all the animals and birds coming under the definition of "vermin," which renders them so extremly destructive. One thing may be said in the polecat's favor, which is, that it is a very determined enemy of the rat, although the latter's fierceness often prevents the former from bringing to a successful conclusion any crusade it may have opened against it. But the polecat is all the same a most courageous little animal.

Pocket Artillery.

In El Paso New Mexico, the other day I dropped into a large store which enjoys the reputation of selling more arms than any other house in the city. While inspecting a glittering array of pistols of all kinds which filled half a dozen show-cases, a young fellow of about 23 entered. He was dressed in approved frontier style—sombrero it would take three days to walk around the rim of, white handkerchief tied loosely round the neck, blue shirt, pants stuck in his boots and large Mexican spurs upon his heels, jingling as he walked. He wished to buy a gun. In the expressiveness and laconic tongue of the frontier a gun is a revolver, a rifle is called by the name of the maker and the weapon of the sportsman, uncurtailed of its fair proportions, is known as a shotgun.

Selecting from a case a handsomely mounted Colt's 45-caliber revolver the clerk said: "How would you like this? It is the newest thing out—a double-action 45."

"Ain't worth a row of beans. No man 'cept a tenderfoot wants that kind of thing. Give me an old reliable all the time. Ye see a man that's used to the old style is apt to get fooled—not pull her off in time—and then he'il be laid out colder'n a wedge."

He was handed out a single-action Colt's of the same model, which, after carefully examining, he proceeded to cock and fire, twirling the pistol around his fore-finger and cocking and pressing the trigger the moment the butt came into the palm of his hand. After some little kick about the price, the weapon was paid for and the customer left the store.

"There are few men," observed the clerk as his customer left, "that can do that trick. I have been 10 years on the southwest frontier, amongst the worst classes and don't know more nor half a dozen. "Bill the kid could do it; so can Pat Garret, former sheriff of Lincoln county; so can Dan Tucker, deputy sheriff of Deming. Curly Bill could do it best of the lot, and that's how he killed Sheriff White at Tombstone."

"How was that?" queried the correspondent.

"Well, you see, Curly Bill was trying to paint the town red, and White heard of it, and going up to him, covered him with his six-shooter, and told him he had got to give up his gun. Bill handed the gun out butt first, but kept his finger inside the guard, and as the sheriff reached for it he gave it that twist you've seen, turned her loose, and the sheriff passed in his checks."

"What kind of revolvers are in demand?"

"Forty-five and 44-calibres. Colt's models are the favorites, then comes Smith & Wessen, and a new model called the Merwin Hulbert. The latter is a favorite with men who are often in town and like to pack a gun. It has an interchangeable barrel. The long barrel is taken off and the short barrel put on, and then it can be carried in the hip pocket. The great trouble with all these pistols is that they are hard on the trigger. The boys get over this by having the catch filed down. The pistol of the cow-boy is as fine on the trigger as were the hair-triggers of the old dueling days."

"Do you sell 22 and 32-calibdrs?"

"No; that is to say, very seldom. A Texan or New Mexico boy would consider such pistols toys. He may stoop as low as 41 and there he stops. When a man or a boy shoots at another in this climate he shoots to kill, and has no use for such tools."

"I want to show you a kind of shot-gun that has a limited use." continued the clerk, and he led the way to the back of the store where about half a dozen double-barreled shotguns were standing in the rack. They had all been cut off short, the barrels being only about two feet in length, but otherwise they were perfect. "These guns are prime favorites with sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, United States marshals, and officers of the law generally, and when they get the drop on you with one of them, it's a case of throw up your hands, no matter how much sand you may have got. They are very handy and you can stow them away under the seat of a buggy with ease. Wells-Farco's messengers all carry them, and at short range they beat rifles and six shooters all to Hades. It was with one of them that Horn, who was deputy sheriff of Lordsburg, took in Curly Bill. Bill was riding out of the corral, and Horn had stationed himself just by the door-post. As Bill rode out he covered him and called to him to "throw up his hand." Bill only glanced at the weapon and up went his hands. Had it been a six shooter he'd have taken chances. A fool went and rode through the dining-room in the railroad hotel at Deming flourishing his pistol, and frightening the lady passengers bound west nearly into fits. Dan Tucker found the fellow on the street, covered him with her, and called 'hands up.' The idiot made a motion for his six-shooter, and Dan filled him chock full of buchshot."

A New Hampshire Judge.

Levi Woodbury, once a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, was an indefatigable worker. So much so as to be in some respects a terror to the bar, for he always seemed to think that other people could work as many hours in the day as he could. He was an immensely large man and did not like to move about. When he got his seat on the bench in the morning, with a large tumbler of ice-water before him, he was ready for any number of hours' work. He would occasionally have *relays* of cases. That is, when the jury went to dinner, he would call up some case in equity where no jury was needed and proceed with that. George W. Cooley, of the Boston bar, was an able lawyer but fearfully long-winded, and in one case Judge Woodbury kept him at it for nearly the whole term. When there was nothing else doing, he would send for Mr. Cooley and set him going until the jury came back or until counsel in some other cases had returned from lunch. Some lawyers would have got restive at such treatment, but Cooley never yet objected to hearing himself argue if anybody would listen. The worst of it was with Judge Woodbury, however, that, while cases were going on, he would amuse himself by writing lyceum lectures or letters, or by drawing up opinions in other cases which had been held under advisement. He never lost any time and when everybody was tired out, and the court must in decency be adjourned, he would slowly and reluctantly retire, and sleep the sleep of a righteous judge, who meant business and a good deal of it. Richard Fletcher, one of the ablest of all the Boston lawyers, came from New Hampshire as Judge Woodbury did, and had a great prejudice against the judge. Once, being annoyed at the dilatory proceedings, he whispered that the latter always seemed to "string out" matters as much as he could. "Yes," said some one, "but he is always patient." "Oh, yes, patient as a jackass."

Our greatest ills are self-produced.
Do as little as you can to repent of.
Think much, speak little, write less.
Wounds given to honor never heal.
A thin bush is better than no shelter.
Gain got by a lie will burn one's finger.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.

Draw not your bow till your arrow's fixed.

Due deliberation is half accomplishment.

He who has no shame has no conscience.

Every great passion is but a prolonged hope.

Be charitable and indulgent to every one but yourself.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

Innocence is like polished armor, it adorns and defends.

Human government is imperfect because human nature is.

Modesty and civility are prime factors of common sense.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

Natural abilities are like natural plants—they need pruning.

Love is the beginning, the middle, aed the end of everything.

You may profit by folly—if you make use of the faults of others.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Fiction pleases the more in proportion as it resembles truth.

All life aims are vain that aim at anything less than Heaven.

Being found true of heart, Heaven is the goal of the humblest life.

Nature supplies the raw material; education is the manufacturer.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

Pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

Happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom, and poisons herself.

Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things.

Flattery is the bad man's most effective means of corrupting others.

He who can conceal his joy is greater than he who can conceal his griefs.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

Avoid many obligations. You may incur debts impossible of payment.

He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

It is human nature to love to make experiments at the expense of others.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

A wife loses the sense of her own value in her love for a distinguished

There is no knife that cuts so sharply and with such poisoned blade as treachery.

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man.

Fortune often rewards with interest those that have patience to wait for her

Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

He who cannot command his thoughts must not hope to command his actions.

The virtue of prosperity is temperi ance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

The company in which you will improve most will be the least expensive to you.

A conscience void of offense before God and man is an inheritance for eternity.

husband; a husband truly appreciates himself first when he loves a noble wife.

It it easy to love our fellow men. Do good to them and you will be sure to love them.

As to trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns?

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own.

Discontent with one's gifts destroys the power of those that one, has, and brings no others.

Let no man complain of the shortness of life until he has measured the full capacity of a day.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which has no steel in it.

The "simplicity" which allows itself to be blindly led, does credit to neither the head nor the heart.

When truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Silence is generally safe, and generally prudent, but there are times when it is disgraceful to be silent.

Wear a cheerful countenance. If your mirror won't smile on you, how can you expect anybody will?

Recollect every day the things seen, heard or read, which make any addition to your understanding.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instructions; the most intelligent sometimes stand in need of it.

In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.

"Oh, Ma!" exclaimed a little girl, glancing at the steam-guage on a stationery engine, "it's 60 o'clock. I didn't know it ever got so late as that.

UNTIL DEATH.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To woman's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head,
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and day
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's self forgets;
But while I live be true!

A DAY IN TADOUSAC.

When the head of the shipping firm of Freyteau, Wall et Cie. in Montreal sent young Noel as their agent along the lower St. Lawrence, the other partners grumbled loudly. They were shrewd Americans; Noel a mere lad, Canadian-French, gay, crochety, wordy. He had, too, heavy sums to collect, and there was an ugly story afloat that his father had been a professional gambler.

Pierre Noel was now old and imbecile, but his son persisted in taking him with him everywhere, and paid him an exaggerated respect. Wall et Cie. grew very uneasy about their money. Blood, they said, would tell at last. But M. Freyteau was obstinate in his likings; he would not recall the lad. All they could do was to send the younger Wall to look him up now and then, and to take a rigid account of his receipts.

It never occurred to Louis Noel that he was suspected. Nothing short of a blow on the face would convince that careless fellow that anybody was his enemy. He made his headquarters at the lonely village of Tadousac for a reason, and he supposed the same reason brought James Wall there.

The two men, one August afternoon, met in the orchard of an old pension behind the village. The wind was frosty, and Noel brought a bench out from under the trees into the open sunshine, for a young girl who was with them.

James Wall sat down upon it beside her, crossed his legs comfortably, drew out the Quebec paper, and looked at the quotations in lumber. Noel walked away. He could not come near Hester Page to-day. She had dropped a word or two to him last night, a mere nothing when one repeated it, yet very different from the cool, amused criticism with which she met him heretofore. He has repeated the words a thousand times to himself to-day. Could it be——?

He could not speak to her before Wall. He felt as if he must cry out with the sudden madness of hope that sent the blood through his body like a flame. He wandered about irresolutely, climbed a tree for some russet pears for her, and left them lying on the grass, lighted a cigar, smoked furiously, and let it go out in his mouth, then began to sing with a tremendous discordant clatter.

Mr. Wall shuddered, then laughed, compassionately glancing at Miss Page. They were both admirable musicians and often sang together with that accuracy and neatness of effect which peculiarly marked the words and movements of both.

"These Canadians are restless in body and mind as grasshoppers."

James Wall's thick tones grew complacent and intimate with Miss Page. Were they not both Americans? This Noel, and all unfortunate foreigners belonged to the great Ultima Thule outside of the States. She smiled, looked deliberately at Louis, then at Wall, then down to the pale blue web she was netting. What with her deliberation, the pale blue net, the creamy gown fitting close to her neat, rounded figure, and her lustreless brown hair and eyes, she made a center of calm, of delicate color, which suited the faded hue of the autumnal day.

Mr. Wall scanned her over his paper, pursing his thick lips with gusto. He had been calculating her merits and defects for a long time, but his mind was now made up. True, she had not money enough to pay her share of the board bill, nor brilliant beauty to push them on socially at Montreal. But some indefinable, latent power in the faint-colored, calm little woman had conquered him. As much of the man as was not given up to the lumber interest, or to worship of James Wall, was genuinely in love with her. He was a poor man, greedy of money, yet he meant to marry this penniless Baptist minister's daughter. Why not tell her so at once?

"Noel!" he called; "here, Noel!" (It was just as well to let her know their relative positions, and that this scampish fellow, whose infatuation for her was the talk of the village, was only the paid servant of the firm.) "I wish you to finish that report. I start for home to-night. By the way, I will take all your collections with me."

Noel did not move.

"D'ye hear? See to it at once."

"Chut! chut! no hurry."

Louis lounged over the low stone wall, looking down the mountain. Below him was the uneven street of Tadousac, cut through beetling gray cliffs; the old cottages, perched here and there, each sending out through its steep red or yellow or tinned roof a sleepy drift of smoke. Lights shone through the windows of the little ancient church; the door was open; he could see Grignesaux, the fat beadle, climbing into his high seat, then came Father Matthieu up the hill, half a dozen children of the inhabitants, with their wax-like figures and glittering black eyes, tugging at his gown.

At the foot of the hill rolled the silent, fathomless tide of the Saguenay—that mystery of the North, black as the line drawn by death through the live beauty and comfort of the hills and village. Just then the notes of a French horn filled the air with a melancholy sobbing. Louis gave a quick nod of satisfaction. That was his father; he always knew that the old man was happy as long as he was filling the world with his melodious piping. Some young fellows—his comrades—on the pier caught sight of Noel.

"Hi! hi! Louis!" they called.

He shouted back, waving his hat to Pere Matthieu, who laughed and nodded. Two Sisters of Mercy, pacing decorously in their black robes to the church, glanced furtively up and smiled to each other. The whole village knew and liked the merry fellow and the old father of whom he was so fond.

The gate clicked. Wall, tired of waiting for him, had gone angrily away.

"Thanks to God!" said Noel. He hurried toward Hester, then stopped short in a spasm of shame. Who was he? To go to her to ask her to give herself to him? The best man in the world was not fit to touch her. Look at her sitting there, the sun shining full on her. Her hands went with their work, in and out, in and out. The monotony of motion maddened him. For two years he had followed her faithful as a dog. It had been almost enough to see her, to hear her speak now and then. If he told her now that he loved her, he would risk all this; she would drive him away. Never to see Hester again? Never? If she married Wall? For a moment he could not get his breath—the world gaped empty about him.

Then his blood swelled with sudden triumph. Why, he was not a child, he was a man, and that was the dear woman he loved. He went to her, leaping over a fallen tree, and threw himself breathless on the grass. Hester, amused, looked down at his sensitive face and burning eyes.

"I heard you singing, Monsieur Noel," she said, after a while.

"Oh! Did you like my voice?" eagerly. "My father does. I don't know. He is a great musician. Perhaps—you would like me to sing to you now?"

"No." Hester smiled. "You—you can talk to me instead," she added shyly.

He did not answer. He rose slowly, and leaning against a tree, looked steadily down into her face. She saw how he trembled, though she did not raise her eyes. The very wind was still. A cricket chirping in the stubble counted off the long minutes; far away swelled and sank the low chanting in the church. Hester's fingers still went in and out of that wearisome net, but they shook now—she could not see her work. It seemed to her as if all had been already said between them.

"Hester," he broke out at last, "you must have known it this long time! I suppose it seems like mad folly to you. I know! I'm only Louis Noel. I'm a headlong, good-for-nothing fellow! But ——" He caught her hand and stroked it passionately in his cold fingers.

Hester glanced up at the pension windows, She did not forget to be decorous.

"No, don't speak yet!" he cried. "Don't send me away yet! I know the Americans think me flighty—a vaurien. But I can work. I can make you such a happy home here in Tadousac. I know you like Tadousac. Oh, I know all your whims and fancies! I am a week little fellow, but I love you so that I could keep trouble away from you as if I were God!"

Hester looked at him thoughtfully. She had known for a year that each of these two men would ask her to be his wife, and she knew precisely what answer she would give them, but she was not going to be hurried out of her orderly course.

Louis drew back. "You will not—take my love?"

His sudden pallor, his relaxed features annoyed her. What was the use, after all, of such wearisome, tragic emotions?

"I will see you again," she said, very coldly. "We are not alone. Here is Mr. Wall."

Wall stood within the gate. Noel turned and joined him without a word. As the men went out together a branch of woodbine struck against one of their faces. Miss Page, as soon as she was alone, broke it off and shyly put it to her lips with a bright blush.

"Bring the reports and money here," said Wall, when they reached the house.

"The money," stammered Noel; "it is in a sealed package. Is it necessary to count it?"

Noel's suppressed excitement as he left Hester startled Wall. He eyed his dazed face now with sudden suspicion.

"Bring me the money!" he said very sharply.

Louis ran up to his chamber. There were steps overhead, then a pause. Ten minutes, half an hour passed. Then the door opened, and he stood on the threshold. He looked shrunken and years older than when he went in.

"The money is gone, Wall," he said.

"The money? Gone? What do you mean?"

"The package. I sealed it yesterday. I locked it in my desk——"

"And it is gone?"

Noel sank on a chair near the door. Wall went up to him. He was a powerfully built man, and towered over Louis.

"Bring me that money!" he said.

Noel pushed him away steadily.

"Keep your hands off of me. I must think—this means more to me than to you."

Wall drew back. There was a moment's silence.

"It means ruin to you. Look at me, Noel. This will not surprise the firm. They have long suspected you. You cannot pass it off as an accident. Now, listen. If that money is not within my hands in an hour, I must return to Montreal to-night, and will make all known. Even if Freyteau will not consent to your arrest, you will be discharged." Then he lowered his voice. "Miss Page will not be likely to marry a penniless vagabond and a—thief."

"What of Miss Page?" said a clear voice behind him.

Louis stood up. Wall turned and faced her, a slow heat of triumph resting in his heavy jaws and half-shut blue eyes. There had been some softening of pity in his tone just now, but he remembered that this man was his rival and was in his power. James Wall was not the man to delay using that power for one remorseful moment.

"Monsieur Noel is in difficulty," he said, gravely looking down and rubbing his well-kept nails as though in embarassment. "His returns to the firm—there is a deficiency of several thousand pounds."

Hester went quickly up to Noel. There was something wholesome and invigorating in her decisive step, in the keen common sense lighting her brown eyes.

"You can set this right, of course?" she said.

"I have not spent the money. It was in my desk yesterday."

She looked at him a moment, then for the first time in her life laid her hand on his arm.

"Monsieur Noel, you are not yourself! You have been robbed, Why do you stand here? Why do you not make search? Arrest the servants?"

Noel avoided her eye. "I will not do that," he said. "They did not take it."

"He does not understand of what you accuse him," she said impatiently to Wall, who laughed contemptuously.

"I do understand. I will search for the money again." He turned to Wall: "The boat will not be in for an hour, Give me that time."

The stupor was shaken off. Something of his usual gusty, awkward vehemence was in his manner as he went out. But when Wall said, "He knows he will not bring the money back," Miss Page secretly felt that he was right. She took up her netting and seated herself by the window.

"We will wait here until the hour is over," she said, quietly, and Wall recognized himself as a prisoner. A stronger will than his had resolved on justice for Noel. He could not go out as he had intended, to publish the theft in Tadousac,

"Unfortunately," he said, "suspicion has been directed against this young man for some time. A charming fellow, too! A thousand pities!"

Hester's fingers steadily went in and out of the blue web, but she remained silent.

Noel, on the upper floor, halted at the door of a chamber next to his own. Within, the French horn sounded a wailing cry. He stood a minute, drew a long breath of gathered strength, and went in smiling. M. Noel, seated by the window, rose quickly to meet him, laying down his instrument carefully, He wore a velvet jacket, and cap on his long white hair. Noel took as much fond pride in devising picturesque costumes for his father as a woman would for her baby. His features were sensitive and fine as those of Louis, but the eyes were shallow and glassy, and there was a perpetual deprecating smile on the mouth.

"It is time for our walk, my son," he said, speaking the pure French of the old families of Quebec.

Louis, with the smile still on his face, placed a chair. "We will talk a little first, father." Standing behind him, his hands on his shoulders, he glanced at the clock. Not an hour! Yet if he frightened the old man he could discover nothing. He talked of indifferent matters, and then said:

"How did you amuse yourself to-day, sir?"

"With my music, Louis, and I strolled across the mountains."

"With these also?" taking from a drawer a pack of greasy cards. M. Noel started up pale and trembling as a guilty child.

"They are not mine! They were lent to me, I only play a little game of solitaire."

"Why, assuredly! Do you ever wager with yourself, sir—one hand against the other?"

"Why, I never tried that!" chuckling, delighted. "I wager with Jaques when we play. A trifle—bah!"

"And the money you play with? You hide it as you used to do? Here—there—where Jaques cannot find it?"

M. Noel nodded complacently. "Trust me for that. Nobody will ever find it. Why, there are places among the rocks—"

Louis looked out at the vast stretch of mountain ledges over which his father had wandered that day. The clock ticked faster.

"Father," he said, coming in front of him.

"My son! Who has hurt you?" The gentle face was full of wild terror. "What have they done to you? You never looked like that in your life, Louis."

"Never mind. It's all right, father, all right," kneeling down before him and soothing him. He thought if he told him the truth surely God would waken some spark of intelligence in the poor dead brain to help him. The hour was nearly over. His strait was desperate.

"There was some money in a package in my desk, father. It is gone. Do you know where it is?"

The tenderness faded out of the blue eyes. They grew by turns perplexed, vacant, then cunning. "Ah, Louis! You want to find out my hiding-places to store your money. Va! Va! We old people have our little secrets, eh?" clucking with his tongue.

Noel started up. "Oh, for God's sake! You are my father! Be a man again! Come back this once to save me!"

A shadow of comprehension struggled into the vacant face, like life galvanized into a corpse. Then it died out. "You frighten me," he cried. I did not see the money."

Louis was no fool. He saw how he could shelter himself by leaving the crime where it undoubtedly belonged. It would probably be condoned as the act of an imbecile. He threw his arm with a shudder around the old man and reverently kissed the gray head.

"Do not be frightened, father," he said gently; "nothing shall harm you."

A moment later Hester hearing his firm steps without rose. "You have found it?"

"No."

Noel, all of his life vehement and passionate, stood now quiet and resolute, while Wall swaggered uncertainly.

"You know the consequences, Noel? You are accountable. I can do nothing for you. I shall telegraph the firm from Quebec and return to-morrow."

"The money," said Louis, slowly, "may be forthcoming by that time."

"So late a repentance will hardly save you," sneered Wall. "If it were not for Freyteau, I would order your arrest at once." He turned irresolutely to Miss Page, bowed, and without speaking left the room, going immediately down to the little steamer that lay at the pier.

Hester went up to Louis. "You do not defend yourself," she said, with a queer choking in her throat.

"No."

"You do not even say that you were not guilty?"

Their eyes met. There was a long silence. Noel put his hand up to his mouth uncertainly.

"I can say nothing." He turned away.

She stood still, her clear eyes followed him, her unconscious finger tearing the web she had netted bit by bit. It fell in a heap on the floor. She came to his side with a little rush as Pere Matthieu entered the room.

"I will speak for you, then," sliding her hand into his arm. "Ah, Father, congratulate us! I have accepted Monsieur Noel. I must announce our betrothal. It is our custom in the States."

The good father was shocked at her want of decorum. Her cheeks burned, her eyes shone with soft brilliance, "Come, come!" she cried; "we may yet be in time to tell the news to our friend James Wall. It will cheer him on his voyage."

She almost dragged Louis down to the garden which overlooked the pier on which a little crowd had gathered. He held her back.

"You shall not blast your life for me! Why do you do this?"

"Because I love you," she sobbed.

At that instant Wall, stepping from a little batteau onto the deck of the steamer, looked up. He saw her clinging to Noel's arm, staggered, and hastily drew back; the batteau rocked, overturned, and Wall, with the Indian boatman, was struggling in the water. The Indian, who swam like a fish, easily gained the land, but Wall was washed, a helpless lump, under the steamer, and then drifted down into the black, resistless current of the Saguenay.

Hester was a gentle creature, but she certainly did remember at that moment that the drowning man was the only witness against Noel. On the contrary, Louis, in an instant, was his old self, frantic with excitement, shouting, kicking off his boots,

"Why, Wall cannot swim," he cried, plunging into the rushing flood. Both men disappeared in the night. The whole village gathered on the pier, crying, swearing, talking at once. Pere Matthieu ordered out boats and went in one himself, which presently brought both men ashore. Louis was conscious and staggered to his feet. They laid Wall's heavy body under the trees and stood about it with their lanterns, while Pere Matthieu drew off his coat and put his ear to his breast.

"He is alive," he said. "Carry him—"

But Hester's keen eyes saw what no one else did. She swooped down on the prostrate body like a white bird on its prey. "Stop!" she cried, wildly, taking something from his breast. "Take witness, all of you, that I take this from him. It's a package marked 'Louis Noel. Five thousand pounds.' Oh, Louis! Louis!"

Noel put his arm around her and led her away. Her passionate love filled him with such a new, keen joy that he did not fully understand the meaning of what had happened. When he did he only said, humbly: "Then I wronged father. God forgive me! Let us go to him, Hester."

He was eager to tell him that the American girl of whom the old man was so fond had promised to stay with them in Tadousac and be his wife. Here surely was heaven opened.

When James Wall, clothed and in his right mind, entered the pension an hour or two later, he found the three together chattering and laughing. They grew silent as he approached.

"They tell me I owe you my life, Noel," he said, hoarsely."

Louis turned away. It hurt him to see the man's humiliation. It did not hurt Hester one whit.

"Here is the money," she said, sweetly smiling, tapping the package. "Monsieur Noel will himself transmit it to Montreal."

Wall looked into the soft, taunting eyes one breathless moment. "I did it for you, woman," he said, and turned away.

Louis Noel never mentioned Wall's name after that day. But his wife often did, always adding: "There was much good in that man, after all."

A Meek Trail.

"No more preaching for me," said a young circuit rider in Arkansas, who had started out with bright prospects and two pairs of home-knit socks. "I didn't mind persuading people to lead better lives, but the fact is, the walls were too thin where I boarded. I could lie in my room and hear everything that was said in the adjoining room. I didn't like this. I don't like to be an eavesdropper. The other night I was lying in my room, not trying to listen, but I couldn't help but hear.

"'That's a fine preacher,' said the old man. 'Got a mouth like a stove door. Got a devilish sight more appetite than religion. Did you see him make a pass at that shoat? Wonder the hogs don't squeal when he comes around.'

"'You oughtenter talk about him that way,' said the old lady, 'fur he's doin' the best he kin. I didn't like it, though, the way he dove into that butter. Now, he oughter know how scarce butter is. I do believe he could eat two pounds at one settin'. Did you notice to-night when he got down to pray? Had his eye on that basket of aigs all the time. My stars, if tha's the kind of preachers they are goin' to send out, we'd as well open the smokehouse and be done with it. That feller's hungry all the time, and besides that he can't preach. Talks like his mouth's full of mush. He'll never be a success in callin' mourners; make a better hand at callin' hogs.

"Every night I was compelled to hear such remarks, until I decided that my appetite was a trifle too strong for one following a meek and lowly trail."

HEADACHE almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

How Globes are Built.

This heading has no astronomical meaning; it refers to mechanical manipulation. Our library and school educational globes have perhaps been a puzzle to many an inquisitive mind—they being so light, so easily turned on their axis, and so smooth as to appear more like natural exact productions than mechanical constructions.

The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from dieks. A flat disk is cut in gores, or radical pieces, from centre to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press with hemispherical mold and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by coarse sandpaper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coat of paint or enamel that will take a clean smooth finish.

The instructive portion is a map of the world printed in twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly the same as though the peel of an orange was cut from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland, generally, although there are two or three establishments elsewhere which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface.

As there are no laps to these lozenge sections the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe making, and yet it appears to be easy, because the operator is so expert in coaxing down fullnesses and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians and stands—is finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.

Changes in Holy Land.

The changes which have been going on in the Holy Land are beginning to make themselves felt by the tourist. While Palestine must for a long time wear the oriental aspect it has maintained from time immemorial, it shows already the distinctive marks of modern times and western progress. A good carriage road has been built from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and thence to Bethlehem. A telegraph wire runs from the seaboard to the interior, offices being established at "Nablour, the old city of Shechem, where Jacob's well was, and where the blessing and the cursing were read from Ebel and Gerizim, also at Nazareth, Tiberias and Damascus." Women grinding at the mill is now a spectacle rarely seen at Nazareth, a steam flouring-mill taking the place of the ancient method. The puff of three steam engines is heard in that city.

It is only a little while ago that nothing in the way of buildings was seen outside the old walls of Jerusalem. Now two or three thriving villages lie to the north and west of the city. "A German colony," says Dr. Goodell, "has built a town out toward the plain of Rephaim, which, for thrift and business, looks like a manufacturing village in Massachusetts." On the outskirts of the city a school for training boys in farming, carpentry, and other trades, is maintained by the London Missionary Society. The country about Bethlehem is quite recovered to the ancient fertility. Stones are gathered from the fields and utilized as fences, and the ground is well tilled. At Acre, Nazareth, and, indeed, most of the towns of Palestine, a quite thrifty congregation may be seen, worshipping in a good church building. Mechanics and other artisans, from England, Germany and America, are found in most of the chief cities. Jerusalem has an orphanage for boys founded by the Germans and having 800 inmates. There is also an orphanage for girls, in which about 100 inmates are supported, and trained for some useful industry.

Clear Water.

At Lake George the water is so clear and the sand at the bottom so clean that the depth can be appreciated, and the ease of drowning is apparent there. A mother of a six-year-old boy, while averse to denying him the pleasure of boating, sought to rob it of its perils. She said to herself that he would be safe if he couldn't fall overboard; and so, having set him carefully in the exact centre of the broadest seat in the craft, she fastened him down by driving a series of tacks through the slack of his trousers. Having thus satisfied herself of his security, she returned to her favorite book and corner of the piazza. Soon there arose an outcry that a boat had capsized in the lake. The scream with which she received the news was quite articulate. It called frantically for a tack hammer with which to arm the man who should dive for her boy. "Gracious me!" she remarked, after the alarm was found to have been baseless; "I guess my inventive genius isn't comprehensive enough to be reliable."

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One pint of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pinch of salt, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of flour to taste.

Dogs and Snakes.

Mr. Titsworth, living in what is known as "the Clove," a delightful part of the roadway a short distance from Deckertown, N. Y., is the possessor of a large and powerful Newfoundland dog called Rover. Of large and commanding stature, Rover has a kindly eye, and is one of the most intelligent beasts in the country. One Sunday last winter, when the family returned from Deckertown, where they had been attending church, Rover did not greet them as was his invariable custom. The members of the family were quick to notice his absence. After they had been but a short time in the house they were startled by the low baying of Rover, and on opening the door the dog rushed in on them, and going over to where Mr. Titsworth stood he looked up appealingly in his face, and gave utterance to low sounds of distress and tugged at his master's coat. At Mrs. Titsworth's suggestion a lantern was procured and Rover was followed to the stables, where five cows had been yoked together in their stalls. A heavy beam had fallen out of its socket and the cows, when found, were prostrated with this beam over their necks. A few hours more and the whole number would have perished. They were speedily liberated from their perilous position.

This is but one of the many instances where Rover has displayed his rare intelligence. When Mr. Titsworth is at home the dog seldom notices Mrs. Titsworth, but when his master is away from home Rover follows her and watches her every move with jealous care. A few days ago the lady planted a few Virginia creeper vines down in the lower end of her garden, for the purpose of having them cover an old water wheel that many years ago served to do the churning on the large farm. Recently she went to see how her vines were prospering, when she was horrified at seeing an immense blacksnake coiled up on the water wheel, apparently sunning itself. The lady was startled, but quickly regaining her courage she called for Rover, and the faithful beast was soon by her side. Pointing out the reptile to the dog, without a single utterance, Mrs. Titsworth stepped aside to witness the fray. Although thirteen years old, Rover is still very game, and in another instant he had attacked the snake with a ferocity quite remarkable for one of his age, and in a few minutes it lay dead on the grass. Mrs. Titsworth was about to leave the place when she heard a hissing noise, and, looking around, she saw the mate of the dead snake coiled up and ready to strike her. Rover, although nearly exhausted from his combat, quickly attacked the second snake and succeeded in dispatching it, In a few minutes countless numbers of small snakes issued from the mother snake and sought refuge in the grass. These small snakes varied in length from two to four inches, and displayed great activity. The old snakes were measured by a farm hand. One was found to be six feet and a few inches and the other nearly seven feet in length.

Call on Dad.

A man who had not been long in this country was employed as a domestic in a family, and upon one occasion he was sent to the express office to obtain a package. He was about to leave with it when the clerk called his attention to the three letters C. O. D.

Pat had no idea what the letters meant, but he cleverly guessed at them.

"It's all right," he said; "the owld man's good for the money."

"But you know what these letters say, Pat?"

"Indade I do. Call On Dad. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

There is almost a pathetic truth in the understanding conveyed in this old story. Many a man is hounded to death by the unreasonable calls made upon him by the members of the family who are educated up to this very end by himself, at first in that fond, slavish spirit of indulgence which the American father displays towards his offspring, as if it was some kind of an unthinking mechanical pet, and afterwards on the unfailing principle that they who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind.

Call on dad.

Business is dull, notes must be met, but appearances must be kept up. Mrs. Shoddy is going to the seashore. "Our girls" must go, the money is to come out of "dad."

At first he refuses firmly, but as one reason after another is brought to bear on him like a battering-ram of persuasion, he gives way. New bonnets, new dresses are bought, a railway journey's expenses defrayed, and that is only the beginning. Incidental expenses are always the straws that break the patient camel's back. They accumulate in heaps, stacks, and at last rise to the dignity of a monument, under which lies a pale, peaceful man, no longer pursued by the legend: "Call on dad."

Mexico.

The Director-General of the New Orleans Exposition says that Mexico bids fair to redeem its promise to "astonish the world" with its exhibits in that city next winter, A Mexican architect has just completed details for the Mexican buildings, which are to be constructed of iron, wood and glass. In the centre of the Mexican Garden a Moorish octagonal building will be erected. In the inner court of the portico is to be a specimen of silver, valued at $240,000, supported on amethyst pillars. One palm tree for this garden required the work of more than 200 natives to take up and transport it. It is a source of satisfaction that our sister republic can show such indications of progress and prosperity.

Lead baths in tempering mill-picks have taken the place of everything else. The picks come out of the bath clear, and the temper can be well defined. Oil is also being used for cooling instead of water.

AIR SLAKED lime dusted over the plants while wet with dew is unquestionably beneficial, and in dry weather its effects are quite lasting.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., OCT. 15, 1884.

1880—REPUBLICAN PROMISES—1880

"Elect Hancock and there will be idleness pauper wages and the poor house for the workingmen."

"Elect Garfield and there will be steady work, better wages and prosperity for the workingmen."

1884—THE COLD FACTS—1884.

A partial list of the mills, furnaces and workshops in Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio that have reduced wages 10 to 25 per cent. within the past month:

Cleveland Rolling Mill Co., Cleveland, Ohio, employing 2,500 men.

Oliver Bros. & Philips, Pittsburg, 5000 men.

Dilworth, Porter & Co., Pittsburg, 500 men.

Cambria Iron Co, Johnstown, Pa., 8,000 men.

Beaver Falls Shoe Factory, 500 men.

Vulcan Iron Works, Wilkesbarre, 3,000 men.

Monongahela River Mines, 6,000 men.

Hocking Valley Miners, Ohio, about 6,000 men.

Numerous furnaces, stove foundries and mills East that could not be enumerated at present.

Phoenix Iron Co, Phoenixville, Pa, 5,000 men.

R. H. Powell's Sons & Co., Paxton, Pa, 505 men.

Fairview Nail Works, Harrisburg, Pa, 525 men.

Paxton Iron Works, Harrisburg, Pa., 1,000 men.

Chesapeake Iron Works, Duncannon, Pa., 6000 men.

Duncannon Iron Works, Duncannon, Perry county, Pa., 2,000 men.

Fall River, Mass., Iron Works, 3,500 men.

McDonald's Improved Liver Pills secure a healthy liver, regularity of the bowels, good digestion, sound sleep, clear head, and an active energetic mind. No constipation, no biliousness, no Jaundice, no sick headache, or torpidity of liver or kidneys possible, when occasional doses of these pills are used. All druggists keep them.

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
1502 Philadelphia Agents

BLAINE AGAIN CONVICTED.

The letter Blaine sent out to the country from Bellaire, the other day, concludes as follows:

Third. I do not own and never did own an acre of coal land or any other kind of land in the Hocking Valley or in any other part of Ohio. My letter to Hon. Hezekiah Bundy in July last on the same subject was accurately true.

Very truly yours,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

In the Bundy letter Mr. Blaine declared as above, and added: "Nor have I at any time owned a share of stock in any coal or iron or land company in the state of Ohio.——

Yet this letter and receipt showing such ownership stand unchallenged and uncontradicted:

SENATE CHAMBER,
Washington, December 30, 1880.

Dear Sir—Find enclosed my draft for $25,000 in payment of my subscription to the Hope Furnace enterprise. Very respectfully,

MR. DENISON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

BOSTON, Dec. 17, 1880,

Received from James G. Blaine $25,000 being payment in full for one share in the association formed for the purchase of lands known as the Hope Furnace Tract, situated in Vinton and Athens counties Ohio. This receipt to be exchanged for a certificate when prepared.

J. N. DENISON.

But there is other evidence showing that Mr. Blaine's Bellaire letter is only a repetition of the falsehoods of his Bundy letter. Mr. J. Henry Brooks, of Boston, who was interested with Blaine in the Hocking valley mines, writes a letter to the New York *Evening Post*, showing that Blaine nursed his interest in the coal monopoly with the most careful attention and personal effort as late as the summer of 1882. Mr. Brooks shows that in June of that year Mr. Blaine went to Columbus in company with Steve Elkins, Joseph Vilas, and others, and entered into a large negotiation respecting the Hocking valley coal and railroad interests. The object of the negotiation as stated by Elkins in a letter to Mr. Brooks, was "to create a monopoly that would control the coal and iron of the Hocking valley." Pretty business this for a Presidential candidate and the manager of the Republican campaign, who are masquerading as friends of the laboring men, and one of whom is now denying that he ever had any coal or iron interest in Ohio!

The meetings at Columbus, held for the purpose of "creating the monopoly" spoken of by Elkins, were attended by Messrs. Burke and Hickox, representing the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo railroad, and by James G. Blaine. S. B. Elkins, W. D. Lee, (the man who says Blaine owned no stock,) representing the Standard Coal and Iron Company. The project under consideration was the purchase of the railroad by the Standard Company and the issue of $37,000,000 of stock and bonds on the consolidated property. In the course of this negotiation, which was shortly afterward resumed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y., it became necessary to raise a large sum of money, to pay some maturing loans of the railroad company, and Mr. Blaine, (as Brooks recollects) stated that he had arranged to borrow the sum required of a trust company, on a pledge of the bonds of the mining company and the railroad company.

The evidence is clear and incontrovertible that not only in his Bundy letter of July last, but in his Bellaire letter of October 4 Mr. Blaine froze out the facts and melted in the necessary falsehood. And yet he is not happy.

READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

Adrian, Michigan, Jan. 31, '81.

Have sold the goods many years, and they give the best satisfaction. We had an order for 3 large bottles Downs' Elixir last week to be sent to Woodland, Cal.

J. R. BENNETT & Co., Druggists.

The goods referred to in foregoing letter are N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment. For sale at Murray's. oct

PRIZE MONEY.

After a lapse of more than twenty-two years the officers and sailors of Admiral Farragut's fleet, or their heirs, are about to be paid a balance of $143,544 due them as bounty money awarded for the destruction of confederate war vessels at the capture of New Orleans, in April, 1862. The mills of the United States seem to grind as slowly as those of the gods. This grist has been a long time in getting through. The claimants have experienced that "hope deferred" that "maketh the heart sick," and many of them have, like the prophets of old, "died without the sight."

The money is now in the treasury awaiting distribution. The claims have all been adjudicated, and the intricate computations have been made to ascertain the amount due to each officer and man from the brave old admiral, who lashed himself to the mast in the maintop of the "Hartford," down to the cabin boy, who served his country for ten dollars a month. The list is now in the hands of the Second Controller for for inspection and verification. Some little time will be required for this work, and payment of the claims will begin early in September. Fourth Auditor Beardsley has had charge of the adjustment of these claims.

This large sum of money soon to be paid out is not "prize money," strictly speaking. Between this and "bounty" in a naval sense, there is a distinction with a slight difference. The farmer is awarded for ships and cargoes captured, and the latter for those destroyed. Under our laws a prize captured on the high seas is taken to the nearest port at which there is a United States Court. The vessel is libeled as a prize, and if her owners desire to contest by proving that she is not an enemy, they have opportunity to do so. The court decides the question, releasing the vessel if the claim of the contestants be established. If the captured vessel is decided to be a lawful prize, the court then decided what vessels are entitled to share in the capture. This not only includes the one or more actually making the capture, but all which were withing signaling distance with flags by day or lights by night. In the case of vessels near at hand belonging to the same squadron, which may have contributed to the same result, though not engaged in the action, the will is taken for the deed, and the crews are rewarded for the valor they would have displayed if they had had a chance.

THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE.

There is to be seen at Landrecies, in the Department of the North, France, an invalid artillery soldier, who was wounded in the late Franco-German war, when he was horribly mutilated by the bursting of a Prussian shell. The man's face was literally blown off, including both eyes, there being left behind some scanty remnants of the osseous and muscular systems. The skull, which is well covered with hair, was left intact, so that the man had a most hideous and ghastly appearance. This disfigurment has been completely concealed by a mask, which was made for him under the direction of the principal medical officer of Val de Grace, in Paris, whither he had been transferred from the field ambulance.

The mask was constructed by a surgeon dentist named Delalain. It includes a false palate and a complete set of false teeth, and it is so perfect that the functions of respiration and mastication, which was necessarily imperfectly performed, are almost completely restored to their normal condition, and the voice, which was rather husky, has resumed its natural tone. The man speaks distinctly, the sense of smell, which had entirely disappeared, has returned, and he can even play the flute. He wears two false eyes, simply to fill up the cavities of the orbit, for the parts representing the eyes in the mask are closed. In fact, the mask is so well adapted to what remains of the real face, as to be considered one of the finest specimens of the prothetic art that could be devised.

The man himself, whose name is Moreau, and who is in perfect health, is looked upon as a living curiosity, and travelers go a good deal out of their way to see him. His face, or rather his mask, is, of course, without any expression, but his special senses, particulary that of touch, are extremely developed, and he goes by the soubriquet of "*L'homme a la tete de cire*" He wears the military Cross of Honor, and delights to tale about what he had gone through during the war. To add to his meager pension he sells a small pamphlet containing a full description of his wounds and of the apparatus that has been so skillfully devised as to render him at least presentable to his fellow-creatures.

PAWNBROKERS IN FRANCE.

The French pawnbroker never advances more than four-fifths of the value on jewelry and silver plate, and two-thirds on other articles. There is thus a sufficient margin between the sum advanced and the value of the pledges to encourage speculation in pawn tickets. A deputy has just submitted to the Chamber a bill whereby the official lender will be authorized to give the full value of the pledges. This proposal has been favorably viewed by most of the French newspapers.

Misses' hosiery—Garmans. 8
Fine hosiery—Garmans. 8

BACH AND HIS ORGAN.

Not only the artist and lover, however, but the craftsman comes before us in the records of Beach's early church organist life. He knew all about the technical build of the "huge house of the sounds," and his thoroughly practical specification for the repairs and improvement of the organ at his next post, the Blasius-Kirche, at Muhlhausen, which is given in full, is very interesting as well in its provisions as in its downright and dictatorial tone, as of a man who knew thoroughly what he was about and would have no scamping. Unfortunately, even musical readers in England know generally so little of the mysteries of the organ that we must fear that quotation from this document would not be appreciated here; but it may be mentioned, as showing how little inclined was Bach at this time to anything like the asceticism of the modern purists on the organ, that he not only gives special directions about the repair of the "tremulent" so that it may be regular in its pulsations, but that he added to the pedal a new "Glockenspiel," or scale of bells, played by the pedal keys. What would be said to this in a modern church organ? There is a Glockenspiel stop on the Crystal Palace organ, and when the first organ player of the day presumed to introduce this at the last Handel Festival, in a particularly bell-like passage in Hamdel's First Concerto, we remember how the critics came down upon him. Bach's former organ at Luneberg had a "Cymbelstern" also, a contrivance for striking cymbals in the organ, probably by a special pedal. Whether these additions are really in keeping with the genius of the instrument, and whether Bach himself in his older period of more serious organ composition, would have cared as much about them, of course may be questions to be asked; but the fact is interesting as showing that organ concerts in the good old days were by no means the sedate and solemn affairs that they are often supposed to have been.

MAN OR WOMAN?

One of the most remarkable historical mysteries on record, rivalling that of the identity of the man in the iron mask, is that of the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, who was French Envoy to England in 1761. He acted as private agent to Louis XV. and lived in London for fourteen years. He was a handsome man of a rather effeminate appearance, and was noticed to be very shy of the ladies and to avoid general society. While he was there the story got about that he was a woman, and the scandal thus aroused caused King Louis to recall his Ambassador and order him to assume his proper dress, that of a woman. This she did and was always afterwards known as Mme. d'Eon. A life of this remarkable personage stated that she assumed the dress of a youth in order to secure higher educational opportunities, and thus entered the College Mazarin, at Paris, and afterwards became doctor of laws, was the author of several learned volumes, and was introduced by Prince de Conti to the King. It was said that the King knew the secret of her sex; but for her remarkable talents selected her to undertake a secret mission to Russia, which was so well performed that she was afterwards sent to London. During the French Revolution Mme. d'Eon again went to England, where she died in 1810. After her death it was asserted that the character of a woman was a disguise, and that Mme. d'Eon was a man after all. But the facts in the case are not regarded as proven either way. This curious personage, it might be remarked, never contracted a marriage in the character of either sex.

REBELS STOP AN ENGLISH PLAY.

In 1775 the British army in Boston received a powerful reinforcement from England under Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne. General John Burgoyne was a dramatic author, and he here wrote his second play, called "The Blockade of Boston," to inspire his army with a contempt for the American militia, who had beleagured his forces in the city. It is related during one performance of this play in March, 1776, prior to the evacuation of the city, that a curious scene occurred. At one of the most interesting points of the piece a sergeant, without his hat and in a state of the wildest confusion, suddenly rushed on the stage and shouted in a voice of thunder: "The rebels! the rebels! They are attacking the neck!" The audience, supposing this to be a portion of the piece, applauded heartily; but a few minutes afterwards the beating of drums disturbed the illusion, and the actors, scampering off to secure their military accoutrements, put an end to the performance.

By acknowleding and emphasizing the good that is in those around us we strengthen their self-respect and give them a powerful motive in the right direction; by cavilling and criticism, by contempt and ridicule, by exposing and emphasizing faults and failings, we destroy their self-respect and deprive them of one of the strongest motives for improvement.

People are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some behind may at the same time be discanting on their own.

Ladies' Rosdan circulars, dolmans, newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m	
" "	Harrisburg	3 20 a m	
" "	Montandon	5 45 a m	
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m	
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m	
" "	Lock Haven	8 25 a m	
" "	Renovo	9 25 a m	
" arr at	Erie	6 00 p m	
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m	
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m	
" "	Montandon	10 39 a m	
" "	Williamsport	11 45 a m	
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 45 p m	
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m	
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m	
" "	Montandon	1 32 a m	
" arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m	
" "	Lock Haven	3 55 p m	
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m	
" "	Kane	9 25 p m	
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m	
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m	
" "	Harrisburg	3 25 p m	
" "	Montandon	5 50 p m	
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m	
" "	Lock Haven	8 05 p m	
" arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m	

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m	
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m	
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m	
" "	Montandon	9 20 a m	
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m	
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m	
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00 a m	
" "	Renovo	10 05 a m	
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m	
" "	Williamsport	12 35 p m	
" "	Montandon	1 36 p m	
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 45 p m	
" "	Philadelphia	7 25 p m	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	1 55 p m	
" "	Renovo	10 40 p m	
" "	Lock Haven	11 45 p m	
" "	Williamsport	1 00 a m	
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m	
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m	
" "	Philadelphia	7 50 a m	
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m	
" "	Williamsport	6 35 p m	
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m	
" "	Montandon	7 49 p m	
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m	
" "	Philadelphia	3 05 a m	

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1 03.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar. 5.30	

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4	6	8	10 P.M.
Spring Mills	5.50				1.56
Coburn	6.18				2.26
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Milmont	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			P.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			12.10	4.12
			A.M.		
Vicksburg	8.15			12.26	4.28
Biehl	8.20			12.34	4.34
Fair Ground	8.30			12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M. 8.35			12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	8.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.50 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

New Arrival of Goods
AT NEW STORE!
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,
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COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

NEW SHOE STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF
Boots, Shoes and Slippers,
OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE
Largest Best and Cheapest,
EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL.
CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.
JOHN MULLEN,
23apr1y Centre Hall, Pa.

Whitmer & Lincoln
HAVING LEASED THE GRAIN-HOUSE OF SMITH & CO., at
COBURN, PENN'A,
FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR
WHEAT. WHEAT, WHEAT,
RYE, RYE, RYE,
BARLEY and CORN, &c.
COAL, SALT & FERTILIZER
For Sale
Coburn, Pa., August 1, '84. 6aug3m

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AT CENTRE HALL,
To the Front with Seasonable Goods.
Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.
OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.
We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS
TICKS, GINGHAMS,
&c., &c.
A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.
A SPLENDID LINE OF
Cloths and Cashimeres.
Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIES WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.
CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.
WM. WOLF & SON.

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ENGINES FOR SALE!
ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "
THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.
Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS.
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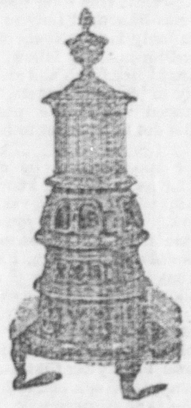

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☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF oct1tf

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REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,
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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

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FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

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—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—
PLUG TOBACCO
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STATE COLLEGE.

Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
Examination for admission, September 9.

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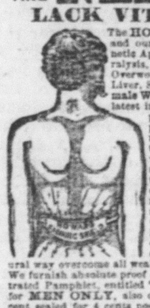
FOR
HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE NERVOUS AND
LACK VITAL ENERGY.



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NEW HOME
Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
HAS NO EQUAL NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
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30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
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SASH, DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
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MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
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Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
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THURMAN'S FISH STORIES.

Once upon a time, when crowded about his Presidential aspirations, ex-Senator Thurman replied: "I really have no ambition in that direction." A look of incredulity on every face was the only response. The judge took in these looks and related a little story:

"One Summer I was at the Oakland House, Maryland, spending a little vacation up in the cool mountain region. We got telling fishing stories. I related something of my own experience when I was present and saw caught a catfish weighing ninety pounds. When I told the weight there was a general laugh, and I was humorously awarded the prize for telling fish stories. I quietly remarked to my incredulous friends that I hoped soon to convince them of the correctness of my story that in Western waters there were cat-fish of ninety pounds weight. When I returned to Columbus, I went to the leading restaurateur and instructed him to procure me the largest cat-fish that could possibly be secured. He reported in a few days that he had one. I walked over, and found an excellent specimen weighing seventy-five pounds. I had him boxed and carefully packed in ice, and shipped him by express to my disbelieving friends in Oakland. From the restaurateur I got all the recipes I could for cat-fish chowder, cat-fish steaks, stuffed cat-fish, roast, etc., and sent them on by mail. I telegraphed as follows: 'Skin your fish before you cook him,' a cat-fish's skin being so rank as to spoil the flesh when the fish is cooked with it on. They got my telegram and they were puzzled. When the box arrived, dripping from the melting ice, they were more puzzled. The letter, which arrived by the same train as the fish, explained all. They had a fine feast, and at it formally organized with a president and secretary, and passed the following resolution, which was sent to me:

"'*Resolved*, That the truth of Allen G. Thurman's statements should never be questioned; that his fish stories are always absolutely true, especially his cat-fish stories.'"

THE TREES OF WASHINGTON.

A Washington correspondent of *The Providence Journal* writes: "I doubt whether President Jefferson, when he personally superintended the planting of four rows of Lombardy poplars along Pennsylvania avenue, two rows in the center and one at each curbstone, ever dreamed of the magnificent effect now produced by the 70,000 trees, which, planted twenty-five feet apart, now line 130 miles of streets and avenues in this metropolis. They have been planted by a parking commission, of which W. R. Smith, the curator of the Botanic Garden, has been the head. He and his associates have served without compensation, and he is so enthusiastic on the subject that it is no uncommon thing for him to start off before breakfast and go a mile or two to inspect a tree that has been reported as needing attention.

"This parking commission originated with that much-abused man—Governor Shepard—and when fault was found with the expense of it by some of the 'penny-wise-and-pound-foolish' members of the District Government, Shepard's only reply was: 'Smith, drive things.' Each street or avenue has been planted with the same variety of trees—elms, ashes, lindens and other varieties. In damp locations preference has been given to the California poplar, which, in the absorption of miasmatic exhalations, bears a strong resemblance to the eucalyptus, which cannot be grown this far north. It is delightful to drive for miles over smooth asphalt pavements, fringed by stretching lines of trees decked in fresh green foliage and swaying with the passing breeze. Flower-beds are in front of nearly every house, small parks, at the intersections of the streets are covered with green grass and flowering shrubs, and in circles are the statues of distinguished statesmen, soldiers, or sailors."

ROME IN THE LAST CENTURY.

It was a labyrinth of winding streets, unlighted, unnamed, and unnumbered. Every trade kept to its own special locality, and, in lack of shop fronts, advertised its wares by painted signs and emblems. Cattle were herded in the Colosseum and Forum, and the Arch of Constantine was half buried in the earth. Justice was administered with circumstances of barbaric ferocity. In was a common sight to see unlucky coachmen publicly tortured in the Corso for no worse guilt than that of driving through the streets during the hours reserved for carnival frolics; and the erection of the gallows on the Piazza del Popolo, the first Saturday in carnival, was in fact the signal of the opening of the season for public sports. And, the condemned criminal dispatched, the hangman's assistants would presently join the gay crowd in the Corso disguised as clowns and pantaloons. Down to the first year of the present century malefactors were quartered and burned on the Campo dei Fiori, and for many years later the pillory and the wooden horse remained familiar objects in other parts of Rome, although both were temporarily abolished during the Napoleonic rule.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced; men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

—New goods at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills, at bottom prices. Please call and compare prices at once.

MISCHIEVOUS.

The following stories of a tame crow, which are told by a correspondent of *The American Agriculturist*, are amusing to read, but one cannot help wondering why any person should keep a pet so useless as is a crow, which exhibited such a malicious disposition. One trick might be pardoned, but this bird evidently delighted in mischief for its own sake. For instance, it is related of him that he followed the writer's mother into the cucumber patch and imitated her in picking the fruit. Receiving a sharp rap for so doing, he rolled on his back and threw up his claws in his fighting posture. She, supposing him dead, went on with her work. After sulking a while he flew off to the fence, and sat there angrily muttering curses.

Soon after he revenged himself by removing the clothes-pins as fast as she placed them on the line and letting the clothes fall to the ground, all the while uttering a harsh scolding sound. The old lady, by a sudden motion, caught and tied him to a stake. But when she was gone he got the string loose, and keeping clear of the clothes-line, met us on the way home very cross and surly, but would not go near the house for a long time.

A lady of the village having spread some clothes on the grass to bleach, Dick deliberately smeared his feet in a mud puddle and kept tracking all over the clothes until driven away.

At another time he took great interest in the building of a boat, and frequently watched the operation. When the painting began, Dick was particularly attentive. The men having gone into the shop, Dick deliberately walked back and forth from stern to stern, filling the fresh paint with tracks, and then uttered a loud "caw" to call the owner's attention to his mischief. Dodging a stick hurled at him, he flew off in high glee.

Numerous thefts in the village were believed to lie at his door, yet he was so adroit and cunning that no one seemed disposed to harm him, and so he lived on his mischief, until he disappeared one day in late Autumn, probably a victim to a sportsman's gun.

A MODERN NOAH.

At the foot of the high mountain called Tom Ball, in the northeast part of Alford township, New York, has resided for thirteen years Aaron Arnold and his wife, a respectable couple, possessed of some little property. Arnold came to Alford from Troy, and located where he now is. He was a sailor years ago, circumnavigating the globe in quest of whales. He well understood all the mysteries of sailors' life, and was skilled as a ship carpenter. Having no children and feeling lonely twelve years ago, he conceived the idea of building a steamboat. Though not large in dimensions, this was accomplished and the boat taken to the Hudson River, where it is now used as a tug, towing barges up and down the river.

This feat so increased his passion for ship-building that eight years ago, though twenty miles from tide water, among the marble cliffs of Alford, in the door yard back of his residence he laid the keel. This he soon removed to an old barn near by. In secret he worked, but few of the neighbors knowing anything about it, until this Spring, when the boat being finished except the masts, he tore down the barn and revealed to the astonished gaze of passers a well-made two-masted schooner, thirty-five feet long, ten wide and nine deep, and of twenty-five tons burden. The boat was correct in all her proportions and of solid old oak. Hundreds visited it and he obtained the sobriquet of the Modern Noah.

The strongest trucks and four team horses were obtained to draw it to the Hudson, and after working two days the boat was taken to the roadside, when, owing to its great weight—some nine tons—the iron axels of the truck bent and the teams could go no further. The attempt was for the time abandoned, and it began to be whispered that Noah's Ark would be left to decay, not on Ararat, but at the foot of Tom Ball, as a monument to the sailor who was unwise enough to open a navy yard high and dry in Alford. However, in some mysterious manner the vessel caught fire and was destroyed.

THE BEST MECHANICS.

The small shopmen, says the *Scientific American*, are valuable in any shop where mechanics rather than operatives are required, because they are generally "men at a pinch," "expediency men" and for the most part excellent workmen. The proprietor of a large manufacturing establishment, building fine tools of a particular character, claims that his best men comes from small shops, where make-shifts and contrivances are the rule. "Such men," he says, "can make the shop hum" by their methods. It is very convenient to have a shop full of adapted tools, but it is also convenient to have in the shop graduates from "the little shop" who can contrive as well as tend a machine.

Never did any soul do good but it come readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practicer still more in love with the fair act.

Wedding presents—Garmans. 8
Hats and fine furnishing goods—Garmans. 8

BLAINE AND WARREN FISHER.

New York, October 5.—At a Democratic meeting at Fairview, N. J., last evening, one of the speakers, Gustave Kobble, a well known lawyer of this city, read an extract from a letter by Warren Fisher to him last July. Mr. Kobble is a relative of Mr. Fisher. The letter said: "In April or May of 1880, Blaine sent word to have me meet him at the Fifth Avenue hotel. He then authorized me to get the letters from Mr. Mulligan, and pay him $10,000 if I could not get them for less, and then he wanted Mr. Mulligan and myself to go to Europe until after the election at his expense. Mr. Mulligan declined the offer. He said Blaine had stolen his letters in Washington, and he should never have what he held at any price."

DRUGGISTS

all report a rapid and steadily increasing demand for McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. There is no secret or trick about their popularity. It is solely because people have become convinced through trial or hearing their neighbors say that they are the best and easiest to take vermifuge ever produced. Nasty, sickening, old-fashioned worm-seed syrups won't sell. People demand McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders, and won't have anything else, hence their sales are greater than all the other vermifuges combined.

Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. Sold by J. D. Murray.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
15oct2 Philadelphia Agents.

A hog disease, which for some better name is called hog cholera, is sweeping over Perry county with alarming fatal results. When seized with the malady the animal begins to swell at the throat, the affected part presenting a dirty, brownish appearance, and death usually follows in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. It is estimated that not less than one thousand hogs have died in the county during the past month; as many as two hundred have died in one township with no apparent cessation in the spread and fatality of the disease. Thus far all efforts to successfully combat the disease have been barren of results, and so far as can be learned not one of the animals attacked by the strange malady has recovered.

Henry Schoenhalf, foreman Henry Krug Packing Co., St. Joseph, Mo., uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, etc. It is the best.

TWENTY PERSONS KILLED.

Rome, Oct. 8.—Intelligence has been received here of a cyclone at Catania, on the Island of Sicily. Trees were uprooted and houses destroyed. Twenty persons were killed and fifty were injured. Owing to the severity of the cyclone it was impossible to render assistance to the sufferers during its prevalence.

A GOOD MANY FAILURES.

During the year 1883 there were 10,568 failures in business in the United States and Canada. Some of these were big concerns, and some were very small. Failure is sorrowful business to any man, especially if it is health that fails. A great many times 10,568 people fail in health in the course of a year. Many of them might be saved if they would take Brown's Iron Bitters, the great family medicine and restorer of wasted health.

A REPUBLICAN ELECTOR IN NEW YORK WITHDRAWS.

New York, October 7.—Dr. W. E. Forrest, one of the electors on the republican ticket for this state, has resigned from his position because he cannot conscientiously support James G. Blaine. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the following letter, addressed to Mr. John D. Warren, the chairman of the republican state committee:

"SIR—I wish to tender my resignation as republican elector of this state. I am sorry to say that I cannot conscientiously support the present nominee for president, James G. Blaine. I remain yours especfully, E. W. FORREST."

MURRAY'S
CARRIAG WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a,
Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES,
—PHAETONS,
—SPRING WAGONS,
—&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.
19dec1 LEVI MURRAY.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &
PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of
COOKING STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
& RANGES

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec4y

A Prize Send six cents for postage and receive from a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

J. C. BRACKBILL W. R. BRACKBILL

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!
THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR, PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX
THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
Trade Mark
FOR
Spermatorrhœa and Impotency
OR
ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN
CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that 'while there is life there is hope.'" They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months. I can assure you that to false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in aiding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec 26, 1882.
The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS,
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

FINEST AND BEST.
J. H. BYRNES,

SIAMANG KID SHOES,
THE MOST DURABLE MADE.
EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.
MANUFACTURED BY ROCHESTER, N. Y.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of
MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES
in the County.
ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE
ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST
..... SHOES, ...
the Most Comfortable Shoe Made.
Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.
un4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

COLEMAN'S Business

COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—300 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.
30julyly

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

VIGOROUS HEALTH to MEN
PROF. HARRIS' Pastille
A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.
Tested for over 6 years by use in thousands of cases.
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skilful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over-taxed work. Do not conceive while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.
Free TRIAL PACKAGE.
SEND ADDRESS
HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists,
306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL
Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.
Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.
RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.
Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, gleet, gonorrhœa, leucorrhœa or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY,
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Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free, HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

$66 a week at home. $5 outfits free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cts for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

CANCER CURED. Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures. Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 25 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 200 pgs. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt, 50 cts; paper 25c. Many things Gents, 164 p'ges, sent sealed, manner of ejaculation. The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consumption and Pamphlet free.
DR. WHITTIER 302 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR MAN AND BEAST.
THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY —FOR— RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRAMPS, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
It is a *safe, sure,* and *effectual* Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on HORSES.
One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases INSTANTANEOUS.
Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions for the treatment of above diseases. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.
Keary, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.
For sale at Murray's Drug store.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.
We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¼-inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engines will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.
H. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
Elmira, N. Y. Box 1427.

AT ANCHOR.

My love was like a buoyant ship
O'er sunny waves at sea,
And in the voyage of my heart
She sailed away from me!

I followed in her flying wake—
The waves grew strong and fleet;
I passed by shoals of circumstance,
And quicksands of defeat!

But little winds of coquetry
Still kept our lives apart,
Till in my cruise of love I reached
The harbor of her heart!

BRACELET NIGHT.

"Oh I'm in such a delemma. That dreadful cook has gone. Took the twelve o'clock boat and left me here without a word of warning; and here's the house full, and Paul Graynor, who is so fastidious, has come. And I do assure you, Eve, Lucette hasn't the first idea about cooking; and I'm not sure whether you put eggs and butter, or cream of tartar and vitriol in pie crust!" And pretty little Mrs. Wallace—the pride of six months, and the hostess of five belles and six desirable gentlemen, plus Paul Gaynor, newly arrived—looked, as well she might, the picture of despair.

Eve Ashton laughed merrily—

"That's what it is to be married! Do you know, I never could imagine why all the dramas and romances end in marriage and a glare of rose lights? But then, you know, saucy cooks and tough apple crust would sound dreadfully after perfumed billets, and I'm thine forever.'"

"Oh, you quiz! you haven't a bit more feeling than Fred. To think of his bringing home Paul Gaynor, and I without a cook!"

"There—there, Ethel, don't look so desperate. Remember, I am a New England girl; and if I can't Redowa I can make biscuits," rejoined Eve, pinning up her wide, flowing sleeves—revealing a pair of snowy, rounded arms.

"Biscuits!—you?"

"Yes; and tarts and blanc mange, and pies; and roast meat, and—and everything!" answered Eve majestically.

"Oh, you delicious creature! But then, it would never do at all—what would people say?"

"Not half so many disagreeable things as they would over a poor supper, or none at all!"

"But that lovely dress—and your hair is so becoming! I want you to fascinate Paul!"

"Half a dozen are about that business already. You should take a peep into the parlor. Belle Tartleton is really superb-looking; and she is netting that purse that she's been finishing for the last year, and looks like the last fashion plate. Maude is in an attitude, reading. Effie is on the rug, tossing her curls about, and playing with your grayhound; while Lute—guess what Lute is doing?"

"Crochetting?"

"Nothing of the sort. She is making a calico frock for a poor child."

Mrs. Wallace went off in a peal of silvery laughter.

"What are you laughing at," pursued Eve, reprovingly. (Lucette, more sugar!) "I assure you, it is the prettiest tableau. If Mr. Gaynor can resist that, he must have a heart of adamant."

"But seriously, Eve, do you know I wanted you to make a conquest of Paul?"

Eve was grave in a moment.

"My dear Ethel, never say that to me again. I have no words with which to express my contempt for women who angle for men's hearts and fortunes, and study smiles and pretty speeches, as an actor does his part. No, Ethel. If Fate is ever so unkind as to marry me off, the capricious goddess shall, at least, give me a man who has surprised my respect and affection—not one whom I have hunted down."

"Good gracions," exclaimed Mrs. Wallace, surprised out of all ellegance of expression, by seeing the handsome mischievous face of Paul Gaynor, peering through the vine-shaded window.

"What is it?" asked Eve, looking up, but seeing nothing.

"Nothing, nothing; only you are so fearfully strong-minded. Is, that almost done? You are getting flushed. I am afraid you will be a fright."

"No comments, Mrs. Wallace. In so important a matter as the composition of a tart, it is necessary that my serenity should not be disturbed. Go up and entertain your beloved Paul."

Mrs. Wallace cast another glance at the window. Paul was gone. Was he with that odious Belle Tarleton?—how much had he heard? What did he think of Eve? Meanwhile the tart and biscuits were finished.

"Would you like anything more?" asked Eve.

Of course not. There was fruit and cream and all sorts of things, and, fairly boiling over with impatience, Mrs. Wallace hurried Eve off to the drawing room, where her first glance showed her Paul, on a footstool, before Belle Tarleton, holding the reel from which she was winding silk.

"Such occupations are the only ones," he observed, with unusual distinctness, as they entered the room, "fitted for a lady. All coarse employments are irreconcilable with my idea of an elegant and refined woman."

"Ask him if he likes biscuits and tarts?" whispered Eve maliciously, as taking up a book, she went to the farthest window; where enshrined behind white muslin-curtains, she looked out on a glowing Western sky, and water rosy in the day's dying gleam.

After a while the murmurs in the drawing rooms died away in silence. Belle Tarleton had moved and seconded that they should walk; and there was a bringing out of broad brim hats—and then Eve had the drawing room to herself.

Presently some one parted the curtains.

"Lovely, isn't it?" asked Eve, without looking up, supposing that it was Mrs. Wallace."

"Very," returned a deep voice that made her start. And she encountered a glance from Paul Gaynor—expressive of admiration, doubtless, of the landscape.

He stepped in, and without further ceremony, and seated himself beside her while Eve drew aside her full skirt, as calmly as if he had been her great-grandmother, and sat quietly looking out. She was in no hurry to talk. If Mr. Gaynor had any ideas he couldn't help airing them presently; and if not—why, it would simply be a waste of time to talk for him. She never had on hand a store of ready-made smiles and glances, manufactured for appropriate occasions; and Mr. Gaynor, who seldom had a chance to see a handsome face in a state of anything like repose, improved the opportunity and studied the broad, calm brow—the eyes, full of grace, tender, bright, and the mobile, sensitive mouth, as though he was taking a mental daguerreotype of her. Then; layingaside that Paul Gaynor that had smiled, complimented and held silk-reels for ladies that day, the real man came out, and basked in the light of Eve Ashton's upright, earnest nature, and talked as not one man in five hundred can, and not one in a thousand ever does talk to a woman.

It is a fact the bell rang for supper, and neither of them heard it, so that Mrs. Wallace (who, having tiptoed into the drawing room a short time before, had tiptoed out again enchanted; and had been malicious enough to keep Belle Tarleton in a state of semi distraction at the foot of the stairs till the bell rang, under pretence of discussing her new point collar) was obliged to come and call them.

All Ethel's merry glances and wicked innuendoes glanced off from Paul's impenetrable coolness, like straws from polished steel; but the lofty Eve for once blushed crimson, and insisted on sitting by Mrs. Wallace; and wouldn't even look up when Paul recommended the biscuits to everybody saying that if they knew what he did about them, they would eat double the usual quantity.

And Belle Tarleton had Paul all to herself that evening; for immediately after supper Eve disappeared, and was nowhere to be found, though Mrs. Wallace looked for her everywhere.

This desperate state of affairs, however, lasted little more than three days. After that Eve recovered her equanimity, and took long walks, and rode, and boated, and danced with Paul, without any recurrence of the same alarming symptoms; though she had taken up a habit of blushing like a rose if Wallace perpetrated even the most innocent and indirect little jest on the subject.

By degrees, five of the six young desirable young men gentlemen dropped off, leaving only Fred Bayham, who, having been refused by all the young ladies successively, passed the last evening of his sojourn at Rose Glen, in the company of his trunk and valise, and departed early in the morning, in a very melancholy frame of mind indeed. That evening Eve also was missing—to the chagrin of Paul, with whom she had promised to take a moon-light ride, and who fully intended during said ride, to secure the monoply of all the other rides she should chance to take in the course of her mortal life. She was late in the drawing room the next morning, also, (an unusual thing with her); and there were dark violet circles around her eyes, and an uneasy flush in her pale face. Paul looked at her in astonishment; and she grew still more uneasy beneath his searching glance. At that moment, Nell, the pretty quadroon chambermaid, came up somewhat hesitatingly, holding in her hand a handsome and somewhat remarkable lava bracelet."

"Is this your bracelet, Miss Ashton?" she asked.

"Yes," returned Eve, promptly, "I missed it last evening. Where did you find it?"

Nell hesitated.

"Where did you find it? repeated Eve.

'I—I can't quite remember, Miss Ashton."

"Can't remember?" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace. "Why Nell, what do you mean? Speak out at once."

"Well then, if I must," said Nell, desperately, "I found it this morning, right by the corner of the fireplace in Mr. Bayham's room. There!"

A dead silence succeeded her words. Belle Tarleton and her cousin Lute looked at each other with a sneering smile. Mrs. Wallace turned crimson. Paul rose hastily and went out, while Eve stood motionless and speechless.

Mr. Wallace was the first to recover his senses.

"My dear Eve don't look so," he said, kindly. "There is some mistake. When did you first miss the bracelet?"

"This morning I wore it last evening, and I thought I laid it on my table."

Belle cast another lightning glance of triumph at Lute, but, quick as it was, Mr. Wallace saw it and at once half divined the mystery.

"My dear Eve, give yourself no further trouble," he said. "Give me the privilege of examining your room, and go out and take a walk. Mrs. Wallace and I will soon solve this mystery."

Glad to escape from the pitiless eyes that were on her, Eve took her hat and went down to the water. There was a low, rustic seat under the shade of a spreading tree, and there she sat down only to start up again the next moment, for Paul Gaynor parted the shrubbery and came and stood before her.

"Eve," he said abruptly, "what is this? Can you explain?"

"What?" she asked, calmly, as he stopped, apparently at a loss. "I acknowledge that I lost my bracelet, and I don't doubt Nell's word, though I can't tell any more than you how it came there. But, granting all this, is your respect for me based on so slight a foundation that a breath can overthrow it? I think you, at least might have known me better."

If Paul hadn't been in love, and as a consequence. ridiculously and insanely jealous, he would have seen and felt that truth itself looked out of that clear eye, and the pride of uprightness flushed that fair cheek; but, being in love, and of course, absurd, he persisted:

"But your absence last night, Eve. Only explain that; tell me where you were and what you were doing."

"Never—never!" murmured Eve. growing crimson.

"Never? Think again, Eve. You may never tell the world, but I—I have a right to know!"

"You are the last person in the world whom I would tell!" answered blunt, impolitic Eve.

Paul sprang to his feet; for he had seated himself beside her.

"Farewell! and forever, Miss Ashton."

"Farewell, but not forever!" retorted Eve, undaunted and indignant at his want of faith. 'Not forever; for you will one day find what injustice you have done me and come to beg my pardon." And catching up her garden hat, she walked back to the house so fast that, though she had chosen the longest path, she was there as soon as he. Mrs. Wallace met them with a face beaming with smiles.

"We've found it all out. Come up to Eve's room. John, go and call Miss Tarleton. Come Eve."

Bewildered, Eve followed her eager hostess to her own room, where she found Mr. Wallace triumphant, and Lute, Maud and Effie looking very odd and uncomfortable indeed.

Presently in swept Belle.

"You all know," commenced Mr. Wallace, "that after Nell's curious story, which threw us all into so much confusion, I sent Miss Ashton out to walk, and you see that she has just returned; and you, Maud, Lute and Effie are witnesses that Mrs. Wallace and myself have been guilty of no double dealing, and that the explanation of the mystery lies here (tapping Eve's jewel casket), untouched, as when we discovered it. Here it is (lifting out a heavy gold band bearing the name of Belle Tarleton). I would advise you not to wear it the next time you arrange your neighbor's jewelry, as the clasp is insecure, and you may find, as in this instance, that instead of ruining your friend's character and happiness, you'll only get bracelet for bracelet!"

"Hush! you are too severe," whispered Mrs. Wallace.

"Not a bit she deserves the utmost censure."

"Can you forgive me?" asked Paul of Eve, an hour after, in the dear old bow window.

I think she did; for she married him. But it was not till a year afterwerd, that by dint of coaxing and teasing, he elicited the fact of her whereabouts on what he called the "bracelet night" Then it came out, something in this fashion: "You won't laugh at me?" "No." "Positively?" "On my honor."

"Well, then—but you're sure you won't laugh? It was so silly. I was very much in love with you (Paul that was very silly), and very much afraid that you fancied Belle Tarleton (sillier still); and I sat down by the wateer, and was thinking about it, when I saw a bunch of white lilies. And I picked up a little stone, and thought, if I can hit that topmost lily, he loves me; if not, no. And I threw it with such force that I lost my balance and went after it; and was nearly suffocated in the mud—and my slippers were full of it—and I could scarcely drag them home—and my clothes were dripping—and I had lost my ride with you—all for nothing (because I fell before I could see whether the stone hit the lily or not); and next morning, you looked at me so, I thought you knew all about it, and I had such a headache—you wretch! you've broken your promise!" for Paul was laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. And all that Eve has to say to get him in good humor when he has the sulks (even model husbands do sometimes have the sulks, girls, is "Bracelet for bracelet."

A Kindhearted Man.

The other day shortly after a train had left Bealwood station, Arkansaw, a modest looking man, the corners of whose mouth were drawn down by emphasis of character oracute rheumatism, approached the station agent and asked:

"Haven't seen anything of a spring-wagon and a freckled-face boy, have you?"

"No, sir."

"That's strange. The folks were expecting me and I don't see why they haven't sent the wagon after me. Now I've got to walk eight miles."

"Pretty bad if you've any baggage to carry," said a bystander.

"Baggage!" exclaimed the man, slapping his leg, "by George, I forgot my valise. Great goodness, that will never do. How far is it to the next station?"

"Seven miles,"

"Got a telegraph office here?"

"No."

"Do you reckin I can get a special engine to take me to the next station so I can telegraph?"

"Don't think you can."

"Your valise must be valuable," some one remarked.

"Oh, no. There's nothin' in it but a dirty shirt an' my daughter-in-law's photograph."

"Then why are you so anxious to recover it?"

"You see, I am different from most folks and never did want to disappoint no man. The person that finds that valise will be disappointed when he opens it, all on account of my carelessness. Now, if there was a bottle of whisky or anything else agreeable in the thing, I wouldn't care, but as it is, I am grieved. The man what finds it will be worse off than he was before, for I don't believe there ever was an uglier woman than my daughter-in law, and besides that, the picture don't flatter her. Well, it can't be helped. Good intentions don't always foreshadow good results."

Rachel's Tomb.

Singularly enough this is one of the places in Palestine where the traditions of Jews, Moslems and Christians agree, and where the veneration of all is bestowed. Undoubtedly it is the spot where Rachel was overtaken by her last illness when she and Jacob were journeying southward from Bethel, and where Benjamin first opened his eyes to look upon this great world. The building is a modern, white, square structure, with a domed roof of coarse plaster, and a pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site has long since passed away; but the spot is faithfully cherished in the hearts of all. The tomb lies at the point where the Bethlehem and Hebron roads unite, Bethlehem is in sight to the lett, and only one mile distant. How near Rachel was to a good halting place when her life went out, and that of Israel's favorite son, after Joseph, was kindled!

Fighting for a String of Pearls.

My father was a working jeweller in a small interior city in Prussia. He married a second time a year or two after my mother's death, and I left my home and went to Bremen, where I shipped as a cabin boy. Before I was 18 I had been quite around the world. In 1859 I was in the North of England, when I became one of the crew of a big transport chartered by the Government for China. We had on board 100 soldiers, under a Captain, and carried coal and supplies for the English fleet in China waters. The First Lieutenant of the company of English soldiers had taken quite a fancy to me and I had his permission to follow him to Pekin, which was the point the united English and French were to attack. The Lieutenant had a soldier servant, a Maltese, who was a bad fellow. Mediterranean people do not often get drunk, but this man was always full of liquor. We set out on our march and sometimes a French regiment would be before us, or they would let us take the advance. Just before we got outside of Pekin, with the Frenchmen before us. I happened to see a straggler suddenly pitch forward and then disappear. I ran up, and saw that he had tumbled into a pitfall. Just as I was dragging him out, and the Frenchman was laughing about it, I chanced to see the muzzle of a gingal—that is a kind of Chinese gun, pointing out the side of the pit. I pushed it on one side, when it went off with a terrible racket. It had been so fixed that any one tumbling into the trap would have received half a pound of slugs into his body. It had not gone off when the Frenchman tumbled in, but it would have been discharged as he scrambled out. The French soldier and I scraped an acquaintance and he was a real good fellow.

I need not tell you how Pekin was taken. There was no fighting at all. The Erenchman's regiment was among the first that sacked the Summer Palace. Some five of our men, unfit for duty—the Maltese was among them—were left in the garden under a sergeant and myself. There was nothing the matter with the men, only they were drunk. I knew well enough that there were magnificent prizes to be had in the palace. I remember one man coming out with a dozen gold watches hung around his neck and carrying under each arm a gold clock. One Frenchman staggered out with a silver peacock, just as big as a real bird, and its tail, which would open and shut, was studded with emeralds. Of course I should like to have taken a hand in it, but I could not. I was obeying orders. The Sergeant, however, could not stand the temptation, and he had cleared out. Suddenly I heard someone call me from a small upper window, and I looked up and saw my Frenchman. 'Hallool' he cried in French. 'If there ain't Dietrich doing guard duty down there in the garden, and he hasn't a bit of a chance. Eh, Dietrich! Wouldn't you like to come up? Here is riches! Well, old fellow, you did me a good turn, and you must not leave China without some souvenir to take home to your girl, *Tiens*: You sauerkraut eater, here is a plaything for you. When you are married your baby can cut its teeth on them and suck them. I found it a minute ago. It's mighty handsome and showy, but they ain't real, because I hammered one with the butt of my musket and it crushed all up. You can't break the real thing, and with this he slung me out something which flashed in the sunlight of that October day. It rattled as it fell through the air, and I caught it in my hat.

Gracious goodness! What was it? A string of pearls. There were 44 of them, and they were threaded on a piece of heavy white silk cord, and there was a small gold catch to it not worth a dollar. But the pearls! They were of the purest color—all snow-milk white excepting eight of them which were of the most delicate pink. At a guess, that string of pearls was worth a quarter of a million of dollars. Sometimes to-day I go to a large jeweller and look at his pearls and see some not the fourth—no, not a fifth—as large as those, marked $3,000. There was a prodigious fortune in my hat.

Having such a treasure I was anxious to join my ship, for I had barely money to carry me to her. There was a small steamer, an opium craft, manned half by Chinese and half by Europeans that was to leave for my port. I secured a passage on her. Who should I see on board but the Maltese. I thought he had been dogging me. I knew he must have deserted. I thought it was safer not to have anything to do with him. But he forced his presence on me. The first thing he said to me was, 'What was your share of the loot?'

"'Nothing but a string of beads,' I replied.

"'I think you ought to divide with me Anyhow let me see them,' he said.

"I declined. The captain was a real bull-dog of an Englishman, and I asked him what the Maltese was doing on board. 'I picked him up just before we started, and being short of hands, with a lot of Chinese on board whom I can't trust, I hired him. What of him?' he inquired.

"'He is a deserter and a drunken vagabond,' I said.

"'Well, can't help that; anyhow, he isn't Chinese. But from what you say, and you look like a sailor, I think you had better keep an eye on him. It's mostly touch and go with me.'

"We were a day out when I thought the Maltese was very intimate with a Portuguese-looking man, who was a kind of a third mate on board. The third night out I went down for a moment below to get some tobacco which was stowed away in my sea bag. I could tell at once that my kit had been overhauled. Though nothing was missing, everything had been disturbed. I went to the captain and said that there were thieves on board.

"'Of course there are. Passengers on this craft must look out for themselves. I always go armed. Look here!' and he showed me a brace of revolvers under his coat. 'I sleep with them. But see here my man, I notice that you have an anxious face. Got any of that China loot with you? That's a kind of thing that comes easy and goes the same. Keep a bright lookout, and remember it's mostly touch and go on these China seas. If you catch anybody fooling around your traps, be he white, brown, or yaller, let 'em have it. It's lynch law on this here craft. I shoot when the necessity comes. Touch and go, as I told you before.'

"The fourth night I was forward and had seated myself near the capstan and was smoking a pipe. I was anxious because we were likely to make our port at daybreak. It was pitch dark and the little steamer was wallowing in the short seas. I made out the Malteste forward, wrapped up in a fold of the jib. The Portuguese presently came out of a hatchway and leaned up against the foremast. He approached me and asked me for a light. I took a quick glance astern, but I did not see a soul on deck but an old quartermaster at the wheel. I did not like the looks of things. I put one hand back of me for my revolver and with the other hand offered my pipe. Then, quick as a dash, the Portuguese seized me around the neck and did his best to choke me. I was strong enough to hold my ground, but he was throttling me. Like a cat the Maltese crawled up and set his knee on the small of my back. I was strong and vigorous. I tried to cry out, but could not, for the pressure around my windpipe prevented my even drawing breath. Still I raised my feet and kicked, but my arms were held by the Maltese. Presently a stunning blow was given me on the head from behind, but my arms had been loosed for a moment, and I just managed to draw my pistol and fire it. I could not aim at either of the robbers. All I wanted to do was to give an alarm. Even then I thought it was almost useless, for the wind roared so. Another and another blow was given on the top of the head with a capstan bar, and I was beaten down to the ground. Then I felt that the Portuguese was on top of me, and that the Maltese had his hands in my shirt bosom trying to search me Then I knew I was being dragged to the side of the ship. It was evidently their intention to heave me overboard. I felt myself being poised over the black sea. But still I fought them. I knew I had to preserve my strength for a final effort. When they dropped me I caught hold of the bulwark with clutched fingers. Then I saw through the blood streaming down my forehead the gleam of an axe, and I felt something strike my hand. It did not hurt me only that hand was powerless and loosened its grip, but my other hand held fast. But if it had not been for a loose rope dangling over the side of the vessel, around which my legs were twined, I should have been drowned, for my force was spent. The two scoundrels, seeing I did not fall, now mounted the bulwark and tried to stamp me down dealing me fearful blows with their heavily booted feet. I screamed for help. Then I heard close to me, in quick succession, two shots, then there was the pause of a second or two, and three more shots followed. I could smell the powder. As if by enchantment, the shower of blows on my head ceased. One of the villains spun round, then fell almost on top of me as he went with a splash into the sea. The other, the Portuguse, balanced himself for an instant, clutched once or twice at the air with his outstretched hands, then his knees bent, he wavered, and the vessel giving a slight lurch, he toppled over and sank into the sea.

"It was the Captain who had come to my rescue. I was faint. He helped me by the aid of the quartermaster on deck. I think all he said was, 'Touch and go.'

"The pearls! Whether the Maltese or the Portuguese had them I don't know. But whoever got them went down with them to the bottom of the sea.

Old Time Surgery.

A number of years ago there lived in Wheeling a certain Doctor Hullien, who became famous as a surgeon. Some of his operations were very brilliant and decidedly awe-inspiring among the common people. One case in particular was thought to be unparalleled at that time. A young lady belonging to one of the best families in eastern Ohio was terribly disfigured by a protruding lower jaw. Hearing of Dr. Hullien's skill as a surgeon, she prevailed upon her father to allow her to go to Wheeling and see if anything could be done to improve the shape of her face. She went alone, and nothing was heard of her for two weeks, except that she arrived there safely.

One evening, as the shades of night were gathering, a really handsome lady drove up to the gate in front of the farm house, and asked if she could get lodging for the night. The well-to-do farmer said they did not keep a hotel, besides they were expecting their daughter home at any time, so they could not keep her. She said she guessed she would stay anyhow and hopped out of the buggy. The farmer thought she was an escaped lunatic and was about to shut and lock the door in her face when the house dog came along and recognized the lady as his young mistress.

It was almost impossible to satisfy her parents and sisters of her identity, so remarkable was the change in her appearance. In her pocket she had two sections of jawbone, each containing three teeth, which explained how the change had been made. The operation is quite common now, but at that time it was rare. In this case there were three more teeth on either side of the lower jaw than usual, and as they grew they caused the jaw to project forward. At birth the lower jaw was but little longer than the upper one. The surgeon merely resected the jaw on both sides by cutting out a section on either side containing the extra teeth, cutting out one in front to make the jaw narrower and bringing the ends of the bones together. It was simple enough, but the country people laid awake of night thinking and talking about it.

Another young lady who, when a mere child toddling around, had her neck badly scalded by pulling the coffee pot off the brenkfast table, and afterward carried her head greatly to one side, went to see the doctor. Without so much as asking her consent he severed the contracted muscles, snipped a piece out of her shoulder, fitted it in, tied up the wound and told her if she would hurry she would catch the next boat for home.

Scorpions and Centipedes.

Frequently though the scorpion is met with, yet a sting from one is rare. An instance coming within my observation was that of my chowkeedar, who had been stung during the night while asleep on his mat in a corner of the veranda where the reptile had evidently dropped down from above. I was awoke by a loud "baprebap" and the very familiar "sapkatdyia" ("Father, oh, father, a snake has bitten me!"), and, on going to the spot with a light, we discovered the assailant to be not a snake, but a scorpion, which was standing motionless in the corner, still angrily curving its tail—a discovery which afforded unspeakable relief to the chowkeedar, who had thought his last hours were come, and who now with folded hands and upturned eyes devotedly acknowledged his escape in the exclamation: "Dohai Ram Ji, jan buchgaia ("Mercy, O Ram, my life is spared!") He had pressed upon the reptile, no doubt, while turning round, and had been stung on the arm, which rapidly swelled to a great size, accompanied by pain so excessive as to cause a feeling of faintness. With his mind, however, relieved from the "worst," he soon set about collecting herbs from the compound and garden, under the application of hot ashes of which the pain gradually subsided, and along with the swelling, disappeared in a couple of days.

Being curious to watch the habits of the scorpion, I placed one under a glass case along with a grasshopper two inches long, whose sharp-spiked legs constituted its strong natural defence. For a while the scorpion took no notice of the wild leaps of his companion, though every now and again it struck against him in rebounding from the glass cover, but at length, irritated by the continuance of these, it assumed the ofiensive. After several unsuccessful clutches, he managed to seize with his toes a leg of the grasshopper, which he held in his jaws, while endeavoring to transfix him with his sting, till he succeeded in driving it through and through him. The leaps of the grasshopper now speedily grew feebler, and soon he lay motionless and dead. For twenty-four hours the scorpion took no further notice of his companion, and then, pressed by hunger, he bethought himself of him, and speedily devoured him.

Like the scorpion, the centipede also seems partial to grasshoppers, when it can get them. An enormously magnified copy as it is of the little home centipede, the sight of one, five or six inches long, with its multitude of prehensile feet all moving at once, and its long feelers steering its way, causes an involuntary ereeping of the flesh. Once while reclining on a sofa, perusing a daily paper after midday breakfast, preparatory to "turning in" for the customary siesta, I was surprised by a thump-thumping against a newspaper which was lying in a corner of the room, and the continuance of the sound induced me to jump up to ascertain the cause; suspecting, of course, a snake and frog. The raising of the paper disclosed a centipede of about five inches long, holding in his jaws a large grasshopper, which he was quietly hollowing out without the least regard to the frantic kicks of his victim, which had occasioned the noise against the paper. Nor did he seem disposed to relinquish so choice a morsel, but allowed himself to be turned over and over without even relaxing his hold; and as the grasshopper could not physically recoup his loss, I let his devourer continue, till in a quarter of an hour only the shell remained, and only then did the diminishing kicks of the grasshopper cease altogether.

On another occasion, in the hot month of May, during my morning ablutions, while raising the sponge to my face, I was met by the near view of an ugly pair of horns, followed by a head, emerging from one of the pores. Not an instant too soon, I dropped it down again on the basin stand, upon which the full length of a hideous centipede gradually unwound itself. Such are instances of the way these reptiles are come upon now and again in India, generally when and where least expected, and showing the weariness people require to practice in every movement, even in lifting a book or paper, or putting the hand anywhere where the eye does not also reach. The bite of the centipede is rarely heard of, but it is more or less poisonous.

Home Pleasures.

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are standing there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshhold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly in Winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in Summer, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment at home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard that they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright home sanctum.

—In some parts of Texas water, it is said, costs more than milk.

Paper in a variety of forms, which shall be both luminous and proof against damp, is made up of the following substances: Water, 10 parts; paper pulp, 40 parts; phosphorescent powder—by preference slacked for 24 hours—20 parts; gelatine, 1 part, and saturated solution of bi-chromate of potash, 1 part. The gelatine resists the damp and the phosphorescent powder secures luminosity.

Mr. Jacob Schneider and Heinrich Baumgarten, two honest, hard-working Germans, settled on the clear fork of the Sandies, in Gonzales county, about the year 1848. They picked up some little knowledge of the English language from their scattered neighbors, and in 1850 were somewhat inoculated with the customs of the people. Schneider sold a horse to Baumgarten on six months credit and got a neighbor to draw up the note for the money. Baumgarten signed the note, and then said to Scheider: "Vat I must do mit dese note?" Schneider said: "You geebs der node, den you nose ven you must bays me." Baumgarten said: "Dot ish goot." At the end of six months Baumgarten brought the money and the note to Schneider and paid him the money and said: "Now you dakes de node, den you all dimes nose de money ish baid." The names used in this little anecdote are fictitious, but the balance of it is true history.

English Trade-Marks.

Mr. Edward Waters, Patent and Trade-marks office, 87 Bourke Street, Melbourne, Australia, writes: "One of my household suffered with tooth-ache and rheumatism and after trying numerous other remedies without relief, tried St. Jacob's Oil. It was rubbed on the cheek and plugged in the tooth, and well rubbed in for rheumatism. In both cases the cure was immediate and complete, and in neither case has the pain returned.

A Georgia men hearing a noise like a rattle snake in the hotel, went into a friend's room and saw to his intense surprise five huge rattlers crawling around the room, while his friend sat unconcernedly at a table writing a letter. "Great Jehosephat, Jim!" he exclaimed; do you see those snakes?" "Snakes? What snakes?" returned James. "Why, all around the room—there—everywhere." 'O, no," replied James, 'not at all. I thought so myself at first, but I've had 'em too often to believe all I see."

New Catalogue of Organs.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company have just issued their new Catalogue for the season of 1884-5. It forms a handsome 4to pamphlet of 46 pages, and contains illustrations accurately showing the appearance of all the styles of organs regularly made by them, with detailed descriptions of the capacity of each; together with quite full mention of the general modes of construction employed and the great favor with which their organs have been received all over the world; with accounts of their triumphs at all the great comparisons of such instruments at World's Industrial Exhibitions for many years; with pictures of medals, decorations and diplomas of honor obtained.

In looking over such a catalogue one is forcibly reminded of the magnitude which the business of reed instruments has attained. Twenty-five years since only a few were made, under the name of "Melodeons," which had not and did not deserve much favor with musicians, enjoying very limited sale, at prices varying from $40 to $125. Now 80,000 organs are made yearly in the United States, which are sold in all civilized countries at prices from $22 to $1,000 or more.

Minks.—"Things seem to have gone wrong with you. Don't want to hurt your feelings, but I can't help noticing that you look very seedy."

Winks.—"Yes, I've been speculating."

Minks.—"Well, I suppose you had better sense than to go into Wall street. Did you go in of your own notion?"

Winks.—"No; I was taken in."

It takes an Irishman to hit the nail square on the head every time. A monopolist in this section, employed a large number of men, at the lowest possible wages, said to an Irishman in his employ: "Pat, I hear you are going to vote for Cleveland." "Faith, I think I will," said Pat. "Now look here, Patrick, if Cleveland is elected your wages will not be more than fifty cents a day." "Arrah, now, what's that you're givin' us," said Pat; "if you really thought so you'd vote for him yourself!"

Merited Praise.

The universal praise bestowed upon Kidney-Wort as an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, is well merited. Its virtues are universally known and its cures are reported on all sides. Many obstinate cases have succumbed to it after they had been given up by the doctors and a thorough treatment will never fail to cure. Sold by all druggists. See adv't.

"Look heah!" said old Silas, meeting the Governor of Arkansas, "da tell me dat de cholera hab got er 'special spite at de niggers."

"Yes, it carries them off," the Governor replied.

"Uh, uh. It's er sorter Democrat 'zease, ain't it? De yaller feber is sorter in fabor o' de 'publicans. It am strange whut campaign 'fluences de white folks fetches ter bar' on de sityation."

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of Bladder. $1. Druggists.

Creamery Man.—"Yes, the cheese is a little old, I admit; but do you notice what a rich yellow it is, just like gold?"

Customer.—"The color is certainly all that could be desired."

"I pride myself on that, and as I have no name for the brand I have been thinking of calling it the 'gold brand.'"

"Would not 'gold dollar' brand do better?"

"Perhaps; but why?"

"Oh, you know all the world prizes the mitey dollar."

The "utterly utter" kind of talk has infected the street gamins, one of whom, after picking up a more that usually fragrant cigar-stump, exclaimed to his friend: "Jack, this is quite too positively bully."

There are plenty of Detroiters who still believe that immortal guy in which Charley Blanchett and a white dog feast were the salient points.

The latest feminine idiocy that has seized Detroit is gum-chewing. The attack is virulent.

Beef (Boiled) Hollandaise.—A piece of beef which has been previously used in making soup, of about a pound in weight, cut into fillets; place in a pan with two tablespoonfuls of fat or butter, and set on the fire to fry for ten minutes; a large tablespoonful of flour is dusted into it, stirred rapidly to prevent burning, then add four tablespoonfuls gravy stock and about half a pint of water; let it cook about three minutes; then prepare in another pan the yolks of two eggs and the juice or half a small lemon; into this pan place the beef and gravy; add salt and pepper to taste, and set the whole on the fire to cook once; it is then ready to be served.

"Woman and Her Diseases"

is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid for three letter stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Boiled Flour Gruel.—Boiled flour gruel is very good in cases of sickness in which the strength is very much reduced. To prepare the flour, put into a basin as much as it will hold, pressed tightly down. Then tie a cloth over it and allow it to boil hard for six hours. Then take off the cloth, and let the flour stand in the basin till the next day, then remove the crust which will have formed, and put the remainder away in a covered jar. For use, mix four tablespoonfuls of the flour smoothly into a paste, then pour on it half a pint of boiling milk or water, and boil for ten minutes, constantly stirring to avoid lumps. Brandy, sherry, lemon juice or cream may be added, according to taste. Gruel may also be made from baked flour, but it is not so easy of digestion.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." 'Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course, it cured his catarrh.

Hints for the Home.—Small doses of salt will check hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach. To relieve hiccoughs at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. Toothache may be relieved by the application of cotton saturated with ammonia. The skin of a boiled egg is said to be the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours. A writer in one of the medical journals says he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, three or four times a day, by means of a camel's hair pencil, to be the best and easiest method for removing warts.

"Delays are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—'till you are past cure; for, taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.

Beef Tongue Salad.—Boil one smoked beef tongue until thoroughly done, when cold grate it very fine. Then take the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, mashed fine, and two tablespoonfuls of fine olive oil to the eggs, beat in well; then a desertspoonful of fine made mustard mixed, half a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, and about a quarter of a pint of good vinegar; beat the dressing well; when the salad is wanted mix the dressing with the beef tongue. This makes a nice sandwich. Chicken salad and oyster salad may be made the same way, adding celery to the former.

A Splendid Dairy

is one that yields its owner a good profit through the whole season. But he must supply the cows with what they need in order for them to be able to keep up their product. When their butter gets light in color he must make it "gilt edged" by using Wells, Richardson & Co.'s., Improved Butter Color. It gives the golden color of June, and adds five cents per pound to the value of the butter.

Plain white towels may be made ornamental by placing two rows of drawn work at each end. The work may be fastened with red, or blue, or with white. The white gives a little nicer look to the towel than the colored. Overcast the edges just above the fringe.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists

Herb is the last remedy for seasickness from one of the French papers: "Take no food during at least four hours previous to embarking. An hour before stepping on board drink one or two cups of very strong coffee (without chicory)."

Fashion is Queen. Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs of goods. 10c. for any color. Get at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Clover tea is said to be efficacious in the cure of cancer. Red clover is used, the tops being boiled in water. The tea is used internally and externally; about a quart a day should be drunk, also using it twice a day as a lotion.

Carbo-lines.

Petroleum sheds its brilliant light.
In cot and palace seen;
And on our heads its blessings bright,
From wondrous Carboline.

To make cologne water try this rule—To one quart of alcohol allow three drachms of oil of lavender, one drachm of rosemary, three drachms each of oil of bergamot and essence of lemon, and three drops of the oil of cinnamon.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

To quiet the burning of ivy-poisoned hands, wet them with hot lime water. This will be efficacious sometimes when nothing else does any good.

"Ma," whispered Pinder Fitzgoober, after the funeral of a friend, "do you know where he went?"

"Hush, child," cautioned the mother, who saw that the question had been overheard, "of course I don't, and no one else does."

"I do," yelled the boy, brightly, "he went to the cemetery."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A woman never says "I'm going up to Mr. Jones'." It is always to Mrs. Jones' that she is going. From the woman point of view man as a purely domestic figure is not an entity.

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc.

A Texas young man shot himself because a young lady refused to dance with him. In his blind rage he probably mistook himself for a rival.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A bridge over a stream in Missouri bears this legend: "Drive over as fast as you want to, and be durned!" Everybody, therefore, drives at a walk.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

By a mother-in-law—"You can deceive your guileless little wife, young man, but her father's wife—never."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

A Detroit editor has been sued for papment of a board bill.

The author of the "Little Brown Jug" was probably in a jugular vein, when he wrote that sometime popular ditty.

To keep eggs the "year round," take one pint of salt and one quart of fresh lime, and slack with hot water. When slacked, add sufficient water to make four gallons. When well settled pour off the liquid into a stone jar. Then with a dish place the eggs in, tipping the dish after it fills with the liquid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell is cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep them covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for one year.

Prepared Pears.—At this time of the year a good many families have such quantities of ripened pears that they can neither eat nor profitably dispose of them. A lady who has tried it finds this an excellent use to make of them: Cut them in thick slices, stew them, and then, in an open oven dry them thoroughly, if it takes two days. They come out all honeyed over with their own sweetness, and fig-like in their substance and consistency, at once suggesting both raisins and figs. And they are excellent eating, far finer than any one would believe without trying. They will keep, it is said, a year or two.

In using student-lamps, never let the oil accumulate in the cup below the wick, but pour it out at least once a week. Let everything used about lamps: chimney cloths, rags, scissors, or extra wicks, be kept in the drawer of the table where lamps are kept and cleaned, or if no drawer, in a small box (an empty starch box is good). Burn the rags every few weeks; if allowed to lie filled with oil, spontaneous combustion often takes place.

Now that steam rotary roasters are used, coffee can be much more perfectly roasted in them than at home; but buy it unground and in small quantities, keeping it in a glass or tin can, tightly covered. Java and Mocha mixed in the proportion of two-third Java to one-third Mocha, makes a rich drink, and never grind till just before using.

Do not use paint or powder if the weather is warm, for it is almost sure to be observed. A light application of rice powder several times a day will keep the face from becoming glossy, and will also cool the skin. Powder the hands and neck also.

A good wash to apply to the face for freckles or tan is made of cucumbers and milk. The cucumber is sliced thinly and crushed in the milk. Rub on the face before retiring. If these rules are followed out you will find yourself better looking and more comfortable than heretofore.

It is all important that apple orchards be well drained. They should be underdrained in all cases, if possible; but if this cannot be done, at least a surface drainage should be given, that all water may run off speedily during the uncongenial fall, winter and spring weather. Trees are very liable to be winter-killed if water settles about them. Keep the earth packed tightly about the base of the tree, and if the land is heavy and flat heap a little earth about it.

The raising of carp has become very popular among gentlemen farmers and even among the owners of small country residence around the suburban part of Philadelphia. Almost every pretty little secluded place has its pond stocked with carp. They are easy to get, as the United States Fish Commission supplies them upon proper application.

When the Arab has stolen everything else in sight he quietly folds his tent and steals away.

How to Pluck Poultry.—I have known persons on market day to go out and kill twelve or fifteen fowls, and to bring them into a room where there would be a half dozen women and boys pulling a few feathers at a time, between the thumb and forefinger, to prevent tearing them. Now for the benefit of such I will give our plan: Hang the fowl by the feet with a small cord; then, with a small knife give one cut across the upper jaw, opposite the corners of the mouth; after the blood has stopped running a stream place the point of the knife in the groove in the upper part of the mouth, run the blade up the back part of the head, which will cause a twitching of the muscles. Now is your time for, every feather yields as if by magic, and there is no danger of tearing the most tender thick. Before he attempts to flap you have him as bare as the day he came out of the egg.

The Best Weight for Market Pigs.—The style of market pig has undergone a great change within a few years. The large 400 or 500 pound hog is now seldom found. The overgrown hog is no longer sought after, and pig feeding has been more carefully studied of late years. Shrewd feeders have found that the flesh of the large hog is coarser and stronger, and not as sweet and fine flavored as a 10 or 12 months' pig. It is true, the older and over fattened hog yields more lard, but this does not carry profit with it, as lard often brings no higher price than the side pork. The inducement, therefore, to grow these large hogs no longer exists, and the 300 pound pig has displaced the 500 pound hog.

Sheep raising, as conducted in England, is much more thorough and judicious than in our country, but we are learning. A breeder of Hampshire Downs, in Kent, England, has 360 lambs from 300 ewes this season without the loss of one, and three years ago had 412 lambs from 321 ewes, without losing a ewe in the preceding winter.

It is said that the development of flavor can be hastened by subjecting the cheese to a strong current of air. The flavor is developed by the process of oxidation. If the cheese is kept in too close air during the process of curing, it will be likely to be deficient in flavor.

A correspondent says that for several years he has sown nothing but the Fultz wheat. It produces well, stands up well, does not shell out, has very nice, plump grains and makes excellent flour. It has one quality to commend it in wet years.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS, 98 Mercer Street, New York

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Protection.

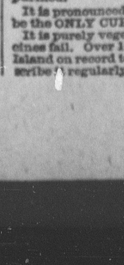
No such protective against chills and fever and other diseases of a malarial type exists as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It relieves constipation, liver disorders, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments with certainty and promptitude. A change, as gratifying as it is complete, soon takes place in the appearance, as well as the sensation, of the wan and haggard invalid who uses this standard promoter of health and strength.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., *quickly and painlessly cured by the* Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. *Sleeve-Holder, Circular Free.* OTIS BRACE CO. AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar



FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. Look out for Imitations. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S.. VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR

All those painful Complaints * and Weaknesses so common * * * * * * to our best * * * * * * ** FEMALE POPULATION. **

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. *

* It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. * * * * * *

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., OCT. 15, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE

FIRST RAIL ROAD EXCURSION

TO SPRING MILLS, TO VISIT

G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

—"FAIR" AND "SUPPLY DEPOT."—

LOWEST PRICES! LATEST STYLES

MODEL STORE OF PENNS VALLEY.

INTERESTING NOTICE.

Two weeks ago our Fall Stock began to arrive, and to say that we were surprised at the way they turned out expresses it but mildly. Every where we hear words of praise and commendation. One lady from New York remarked: "I never expected to find such a store in Bellefonte." If you will be honest and candid and take a look we know that you will be astonished and have to acknowledge the same.

In Dress Trimmings, Pasamentries, Fringes, Heading Ornaments, Buttons, Buckles, &c., our line will exceed by far any of our neighbors.

Our 54-inch dollar Dress Cloth for 75 Cents beats them all. The cloths are made by first-class makers—less eminent perhaps than Lupin but in quality and wear equal any made. We have but a limited quantity left—remember 54 inches wide at 75 cents, never before offered for less than one dollar.

We would be pleased to have you call, and feel sure that you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Oct.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

——Had a sharp frost on last Friday morning.

Great bargain sales, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—at the Bee Hive.

——The best watch for your boy is to watch him at night.

——A second hand coal stove, medium size, for sale cheap at this office. tf

——The corn crop turns out much better than was expected several weeks ago.

50 cent curtain poles—Garmans. 8
Lace curtains—Garmans. 8

——There will be a Democratic mass meeting at Millheim last week in this month.

Horse blankets, plush and fur lap robes, largest stock and lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

——Dr. Ed. Miller, of Unionville, gave us a call. The Dr. seems to have a patient here.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—Bee Hive.

——David J. Musser, one of Gregg township's practical farmers, gave our sanctum a call.

——Headquarters for clothing, boots and shoes, etc., at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills.

German Linens—Garmans. 8
50 cent, all wool, cashmere—Garmans.

— Mr. C. Dinges, merchant at Coburn, gave us a call. He reports that town booming.

An elegant black diagonal Russian circular, with double box pleat, only $5 at the Bee Hive.

——The fire chased Johnny Mullen to his former quarters in the hotel room with his shoe-store.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

——The Centre County Sunday School convention meets at Port Matilda, 13th and 14th of November.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—Bee Hive.

——Rev. S. Henry, pastor of the Lutheran church at Mifflinburg, has re-signed his charge and will remove to Kansas.

Misses' hosiery—Garmans. 8

Zephyrs and Columbia yarn.—Garmans. 8

——There was a dashing thunder shower last Sunday afternoon, the rain coming down in torrents for half an hour or more.

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

——The Lewisburg nail mills expect to employ about 85 hands when they get in operation, which will be in several weeks.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

——O. L. B. Thompson, of Buffalo township, has come out as an independen Republican candidate for Register and Recorder of Union county.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—Bee Hive.

——Rev. Samuel G. Finckle, of Rhinebeck, N. Y., has received and accepted a call of the Hartleton Lutheran charge and will begin his labors on 19th instant.

Walnut curtain poles only 45 cents at the Bee Hive.

——The farm of John Bierly, dec'd, in Miles township, containing 132 acres, was sold to Wm. Neese, for $45.75 per acre, at public sale, the other day.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

Harper & Kreamer, of the new store at Centre Hall, have their fall and winter goods and a fine assortment it is of dry-goods and groceries. See ad. in another column.

——Since Coburn has got to be the capital of Penn twp., it talks of having a brass band. Ben Butler thinks brass bands are nuisances, but old Ben is a first class nuisance himself.

——There was a big racket at Long's store, Spring Mills, caused by the arrival of a stock of new goods, and the excitement has not abated. Read ad. in another col.

——The pike company has put up a watering trough in the gap between this place and Pleasant Gap. A most praisworthy act. Let no ruthless hand interfere with it for the sake of that noble animal, the horse.

——Go to Lewins for a cheap suit and save a week's wages. The Philad. Branch never imposes on its customers. It sells you good ready-made clothing for 30 per cent less than any other store will sell shoddy, and shabby styles.

——Wolf & Co. presented a sack of flour to each of a large number of families in town for assistance in putting out the fire on Monday morning, and saving their property near the church.

——Democrats of old Centre, get ready and give the ticket from President down to Auditor a big pull all along the line. Our nominees from Cleveland on down are men of good reputation.

——Give the Philad. Branch a call when you go to Bellefonte and see the immense assortment of men's and boys' clothing. You will be as greatly astonished at the low prices as you will be at the extent of the stock. Lewins always deals farly.

——The pic-nic at Pine Creek was held by the Pine Creek and Liberty union schools, and not by the Musser school as reported in our last issue. Addresses were delivered by Rev's Yearick, Fischer and Kerns. Charming music was furnished by the Millheim band, and fine vocal music by the schools.

— It seems that about half a dozen charges, now vacant, have given Rev. Fischer, Lutheran pastor of this charge, calls to preach. In order to preserve good feeling all around, we judge, he may find it necessary to refuse all and remain in his present charge which does not seem willing to surrender him.

——Miss Aunie Heckman, a daughter of John F. Heckman, of Gregg township, died suddenly on Wednesday morning, at her home, of heart disease. She complained of not feeling so well during the previous day. She was a young lady of some accomplishments. Her age was about 16 years.

——On account of the burning of the Lutheran church on Monday morning, I have recalled my appointments made with the Lock Haven congregation, and will fill my own appointments as follows: Centre Hall, in Evangelical church, services at 10 o'clock a. m.; at Tusseyville, at 2 p. m. W. E. FISCHER, Pastor.

——The young ladies of this vicinity held a leap-year party at the Centre Hall hotel on Thursday night. They went around and picked up their fellows just as though it was the best of fun, and hustled them off to the place where the fun was to come off—and where it did come off. We didn't get a peep in, but suspect there was a hop and a sup.

——The Ohio election is over and now all are waiting for the 4th of November and its important results. There will be many disappointed ones, yet one consolation will remain for all, the interests of all men will be protected in cheap ready-made clothing at the Philad. Branch. It is a people's institution, and has saved thousands of dollars to the citizens of Centre county in cheap clothing.

——Mr. C. W. Sweetwood, of Georges Valley, has our thanks for a jar of extracted honey, which is the pure article, obtained through the extractor. The sample is from white clover, and a fine article in flavor. Mr. Sweetwood has quite an apiary and his bees have done good work the past summer, and with the improved aids he has finds honey raising profitable.

— There is as much fraud in the make up of boots and shoes as in the manufacture of any other article. Only competent judges can tell the genuine from the bad. If you desire to be safe against such an imposition, buy your boots and shoes of A. C. Mingle, in the Breckerhoff house block. He warrants any article you buy of him, and refunds your money when his goods are not found as represented.

——Mr. Blanchard has succeeded in fixing nearly all the right of-way claims and releases on the road between Spring Mills and Lemont. Mr. Blanchard as attorney for the railroad company has certainly tried to be as fair as possible with our people, conceeding all in his power to parties interested along the line, without at any time seeking to take any undue advantage. We take pleasure in noting this honorable conduct on his part.

——Tusseyville should be put on the Potters Mills mail route, this would insure that section a daily mail instead of the semi-weekly. There is a very large population in that section with several stores and other business enterprises that would be benefitted by a daily mail, and they should have it, especially when they can be served with so little more additional expense by being put on the Centre Hall and Potters Mills route.

— Every house in Centre Hall is taken up, and more would be occupied if there were houses. If parties who have lumber would purchase lots in the direction of the railroad and erect about a dozen houses, no doubt all would be taken in a short time and the investment prove a good one. Lots are cheap, labor is low, and houses in demand—just the thing wanted for a speculator of this kind. Now is the time to build.

——The men and women of this town worked bravely on Monday morning battling against the flames which threatened to destroy the town; the checking of the fire with the destruction of the Lutheran church was almost miraculous when we consider the closeness of the buildings on all sides. Mrs. Jacob Harpster did some bold and courageous work in saving the stable on the lot on which Mr. Wolf resides. Even Faber's three feet squirt did good service. The water held out remarkably well and being dashed unsparingly against the sides and on the house-tops of buildings near the church, stayed the fire fiend. Many had already removed a goodly part of the household effects to places of safety. The assistance of the Italians was also valuable, along with the aid of the boss of the railroad masonry.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

BIG FIRE AT CENTRE HALL.

Lutheran Church and Several Stables Burned.

On Monday morning last about 1:30 the large stable in the rear of Wolf's shops, on Church street, was discovered on fire, and before help could be on the ground to check the fire, the building was in full blaze. The stable was occupied by Mr. Sandoe, who had two good cows, five hogs, six pigs, a calf, buggy and about eight tons of hay burned, also a good spring wagon belonging to Mr. Wolf. In spite of all efforts the fire set Neff's stable ablaze on the opposite side of the alley, which soon was in ruins. The exertions of the citizens were then turned to saving the Lutheran church, by parties who mounted the roof. The southern cornice of the church had caught, and at one time it seemed that the fire would be put out, but having caught under the projecting wooden cornice where it was impossible for the men on the roof to throw water, the flames soon spread to the interior of the church, and the large, fine edifice was wrapped in flames in a few minutes. Most of the church fixtures were saved. As the flames reached the large steeple and crept from base to pinnacle, the sight was awfully grand,—the spire standing wrapt in red, lashing flames over its entire length, throwing a splendid glare over the entire neighborhood, until only the charred skeleton of the burning steeple remained and fell by the giving away of the burning base underneath.

The citizens bestowed all their power upon keeping the bank building, shops and other houses near the church wet with water from the bucket brigade of men and women. Large burning embers went like snow flakes over the town. Fortunately there was a perfect calm and the housetops were damp from the shower of Sunday afternoon, these with the untiring exertions of our citizens saved the fire from setting the buildings along side of the church ablaze. Had any of the houses on main street taken fire, our people would have been powerless, and at least half of the town would have been destroyed. By pouring a continuous stream of water on the shops across the alley from the burning church, the fire was kept from that quarter, otherwise that entire square on church street would have been burned.

There is an actual insurance of $3600 on the church. Mr. Wm. Wolf has $200 insurance on his stable. The stable of Mrs. Neff was insured for $350. Mr. Sandoe's loss is about $200, and no insurance. The actual loss must be near $8000.

The church will be immediately rebuilt. The congregation in the mean time will hold its services and Sabbath school in the Evangelical church, the officers of which were prompt in kindly tendering the use of same to their unfortunate brethren.

Mr. Jonathan Deininger lost a new top buggy in the Wolf stable.

WHO WILL AID?

The Lutheran congregation of Centre Hall, whose church was burned on last Monday morning, has had some severe experiences in the past, and has cheerfully born them thus far without going outside of the congregation for aid. Others, more fortunate, and perhaps more able, have asked for aid from their church and received it. When the congregation has its burned church rebuilt it will be the third one inside of some 18 or 20 years. When the first one was built, a few years showed that the ground underneath was sinking, causing the walls to crack and rendering the house unsafe, and it had to be taken down. A lot was purchased and what could be used of the old material was appropriated for the 2d church, which was erected at almost the cost of a new one, leaving a heavy debt upon the members for a number of years, which they finally wiped out without burdening outsiders for aid. A few years after the second church was built a terrible storm, on a Sunday afternoon, blew down the high steeple. This caused quite another high item of expense to the congregation and it was faced without asking aid from any one outside the members of this congregation. Now the church has been totally destroyed by fire, and for a third time this congregation in a few short years, must erect a church. The burdens and misfortunes of the congregation in the past have been heavy, but were born cheerfully and with patience, and under these sad trials the congregation will thankfully accept any contributions tendered from all who feel like giving them aid. Any monies sent to the pastor, Rev. W. E. Fisher, or to the REPORTER office, will be promptly and thankfully acknowledged. Who will send help?

——Dr. Alexander and wife made a narrow escape on Tuesday afternoon, near Lemont, as they were driving on the pike they were precipitated over a bank some 15 feet, among rocks. The cause of the accident was a dangerous fill along the railroad which is carelessly exposed to mislead one in mistaking it for the regular road. That they escaped with only a few bruises is wonderful; the horse was badly bruised and a new top buggy smashed by the fall.

—A very neat and useful invention has been shown us, called the "Pocket Interest Table," for any amount from 1 cent at 6 per cent., from one day to six years, combined with a calendar, and three tables of calculations for farmers, business men, housekeepers, mechanics and laborers.

This very ingenious devise tells you the interest, the price of any number of tons, yards, pounds, etc., of any commodity, even to the fraction, by simply turning a roller, and does it with perfect accuracy and much quicker than can be figured with pencil. It tells your wages by the year, month and day. Tells the rate per cent. of interest in every state, and a half hour's study is all that is required to become acquainted with the useful offices it performs and how to work it. It is the invention of J. G. Kurtz, of Milton, Pa., and has been patented and will be a money making thing for agents, those wanting townships or counties should apply at once.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nr. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26apr1tf

FROM ILLINOIS.

FREEPORT, Stephenson, Co., Oct. 6.

HON. FRED KURTZ—Dear Sir: I think northern Illinois is one of the finest countries I have ever seen. The corn crop is very good, and has matured finely. The weather has been very warm and rainy for the last month; there has not been a single frost this fall yet.

The political outlook this fall for this county is that there will be nearly a tie vote. This county has heretofore been republican, but I have no doubt that the Democracy will elect most of their county officials. The Prohibition party will poll a considerable number of votes in this state, and will considerably lower the republican majority. I do not know of a single Democrat here who will vote for Butler. I have great hopes for our success in this presidential election.

Yours truly, C. R. NEFF.

——Persons desiring Prohibition tickets will be supplied by sending their address with the number of tickets wanted to any of the following: Thos. J. Taylor, Fleming; Rev. Graham, Pleasant Gap; C. Dinges, Coburn; Rev. G. W. Carrie, Centre Hall.

MADISONBURG RACKETS.

Mr. J. B. Hazzel boasts of having the largest grapes, measureing 8 inches in circumference; 4 grapes to the ounce. Prof. Baney came through here with his traction engine and thresher—it is a through train and don't even stop to take water. Mr. T. F. Moyer went to Philad. to attend a suit in court. Mr. P. Frank sold his apples out of the orchard at 25 cents a bushel and Daniel Wolf of Sugar valley is taking them away. Daniel Rush got a turkey call from Pittsburg—now lookout for gobblers. T. C. Frank boasts of a bluemountain apple measureing 12½ in. in circumference, and has fed 160 bushels to hogs, sold five hundred bushels, made 15 barrels of cider, and expects 500 bushels of winter apples. I buy the Watsontown 22 in. leg boot at B. & B's for $2½. Edward Zimmerman left the Reber mill and went to Laney's mill at Millheim. John Hasel sold his house and lot to widow Keller. Jared Hasel sold his house and lot to Jack Ocker. The Shafer Bros. sold their house and lot to Dr. Lee. G. L. Limbert will teach the primary school in this place, L. Bierly the grammar school and Will Bierly the Yearick school. X.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and naps, go to the Bee Hive.

The October crop report of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture gives the following results of actual threshing for eight weeks by some 2,500 machines for wheat, oats and barley: Acres threshed, 692,581 wheat, 170,853 oats, 8,435 barley; bushels produced, 11,003,690 wheat, 5,081,711 oats, 228,570 barley; yield per acre, 15 bushels wheat, 72.7 oats, 427 barley; average quality, 102 wheat, 95 oats, 96 barley.

Licens for wedding presents—Garmans. 8

Fourteen children, while playing on the River Drave, near Essog, Austria, capsized it and all were drowned.

The secret art of beauty lies in the cosmetics, but is only pure blood and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

DEATH IN TERRIBLE FORM.

Comminsville, Ont., October 9.—The Hamilton powder mills were blown up to day and four men killed. It was with difficulty that the bodies were recovered. They were found stripped naked and a long distance off in the bushes with legs and arms broken and burned black. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

MARRIED.

On Sept. 21, by Rev. W. H. Stover, Mr. Charles L. Grimm, of Madisonburg, and Miss Clara Foust, daughter of Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 20c to 25c; young chickens, per pair, 40c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 17c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; lard, per pound, 12c; onions, per doz., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 15c; apples, 50.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	2 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 00
Butter, 20; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 10; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 18 cents.	

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 13, 1884
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	Oct.	56½	—61½
Wheat	"	75⅛	—84
Oats	"	28⅛	— 34¼
Pork	"	16 25	
Lard	"	7.22½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

J. D. LONG, J. D. LONG,

AT

Spring Mills,

HAS JUST OPENED

A Complete Stock of

DRY GOODS, ... DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS,

HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE,

OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Groceries,

COFFEES ..... SUGARS ..... TEAS ....FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, ...SEGARS AND.....

EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

.....ALL NEW GOODS.....

He offers bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

All kinds of produce taken, and Highest Market Prices paid.

Highest price paid for all kinds of GRAIN.

COAL on hand always. 15oct3m

SLEEPING CARS.

Not many years ago the lady who would wilingly undertake, alone, a railway journey extending through a night, was looked upon as little less than a heroine. Lady travelers without escort were rare on night trains. Now, however, ladies travel alone without fears or misgivings. They will not submit to outrageous hours of rising in order to catch day trains, nor follow the old-time practice of stopping off at hotels during the nights of a long journey. Like men, the most of them prefer night trains and comfortable berths. There are still some who shrink from sleeping cars while traveling without escort, but their number constantly decrease.

Sensible and experienced ladies make themselves at home in a sleeping car, whether with or without companions. They realize that they are almost as safe from harm and insult as if in their own rooms, and allow no prudishness or reflection upon their situation to disturb their rest. Occasionally an inexperienced over-timid lady will lie awake long hours wondering who is in the breth overhead, or spend a sleepless night comparing the frail curtain before her couch to the solid walls of her own boudoir, but a trip or two overcomes this foolish tendency and graduates another hardy traveler.

There are many ladies who do not hesitate, when necessary, to display their agility by climbing to an upper berth at night, or to slip down from one in the morning. Some even make themselves so much at home as to give their husbands the customary curtain lecture before seeking slumber, and a few slumber only to snore as loudly and sweetly as if in their own bed-rooms.

There is no reason why they should not do so. Sleeping cars were made for the comfort of travelers. Here, at least, men and women are equals before the law, and the true woman will exercise all her rights and privileges even to the lecturing and snoring.

On most through trains sleeping coaches out-number the ordinary passenger cars three to one. Not many years ago the proportion was reversed. A large share of this increase in sleeping car travelers who appreciate the comforts which modern ingenuity and enterprise have placed at their command. Doubtless this is the only country in the world in which a lady can make a long journey alone and in bed, with her person and property safe from intrusion or meddling, and with her temper unruffled by insinuation or insult. Sleeping cars exclusively for ladies are not a necessity in this country. Most Americans are gentlemen in all things; ninety-nine out of every hundred of them are in their deportment toward lady travelers.

FEMALE THUMBS.

The female thumb is said to be an important index to the female character. Women with large thumbs are held by phrenologist, physiognonists, etc., to be more than ordinarily intelligent—what are called sensible women; while women with small thumbs are regarded as romantic. According to certain authors, who profess to have been observers, a woman's hand is more indicative of a woman's character than her face, as the latter is to a certain extent, under the control of temporary emotions, or of the will, whereas the former is a fact which exists for any one who understands it to profit by. Women with square hands and small thumbs are said to make good house-wives and gentle wives. This sort of women will make any man happy who is fortunate enough to win them. They are not at all romantic, but they are what is better, thoroughly domestic. Women with long thumbs have tempers of their own, and generally a long tongue.

There is a hint in this to a lover. Let him, the first time he seizes hold of his mistress' hand, examine, under some pretext or another, her thumb, and if be large, let him make up his mind as soon as he becomes a married man, he will have to be very careful. Again if a young man finds that his lady love has a large palm, with one-shaped fingers and a small thumb, let him thank his stars—for in that case, she is susceptible to tenderness, easily flattered, very easily talked into or out of anything, and readily managed. But if she is a woman with a square hand, well-proportioned and only a tolerably developed thumb, then she is either one of two distinct classes of women—a practical female who will stand no nonsense, or she is a designing female—a woman who cannot be duped, or a woman who will dupe him.

PECULIAR LAW.

One of the peculiarities of Chinese law appears in the recent decision of a court in Foochow, China. It appeart that a husband, convinced that his wife had been unfaithful to him, prepared to kill her, she killed him. This also was recognized by the court as one of the rights which belong to condemned wives, when they can exercise them; and, on the conclusion of the trial, the woman was dismissed with a reprimand for not having immediately informed the authorities of her husband's death, and thus made arrangements for his burial.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, that proud palaces have a cause to envy the gilding.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—Bee Hive.

President Cleveland

WILL BE INAUGURATED, MARCH 4, 1885.

THE WORLD,

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN NEW YORK.

EVERY DEMOCRAT SHOULD READ IT.

Daily, $6; Semi-Weekly, $2; Sunday, $1½; WEEKLY, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

MONEY CAN BE MADE

By any Man or Woman, Boy or Girl who will Organize Clubs for

THE WEEKLY EDITION.

The Great Farm and Home Newspaper, Complete in All its Departments.

AGENTS PAID IN CASH.

For 100 Subscribers at $1 each $25 will be paid; for 50 Subscribers, $12; for 25 Subscribers, $6; for 15 Subscribers, 3; for 10 Subscribers, $2; for 5 Subscribers, $1.

Agents wanted in every town and village. Circular and sample copies free. Send for them.

ONLY 15 CENTS

From Now to December.

TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT.

Twenty Per Cent. may be Retained for Orders of 10 or More Copies to One Address.

THE WORLD,
8oct4t 31 Park Row, New York.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY—PURITY—NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Sept. 15, a dark brown heifer, about 9 months old, with a star on forehead, and part of tail white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same. 15oct3t WM. A. BOAL. Potter Township.

ORPHANS COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, ¼ mile northeast of Penn Hall, at 1 o'clock p. m., saturday, Nov. 8, 1884:

All those certain messuages, tenements and tracts of land situated in the township of Gregg, County of Centre and state of Pennsylvania:

No. 1. One thereof beginning at stones, thence along Gratz's land south 71° west 168⅛ perches to stones, thence north 29° west 65 7-10 perches to stones, thence along lands of Samuel Weaver north 74½° east 157⅗ perches to a pine, thence by lands of Duck and others south 29° east 80 perches to the place of beginning, containing 66 acres, 15 perches and allowance. Timber tract well timbered with yellow pine, chestnut and chestnut oak.

Nos. 2 and 3. Bounded on the north by lands of Gregg Burrell, on the east by lands of Samuel Gebei and others, on the south by lands of Peter Smith, and on the west by lands of Adam Ertle and David Emerick and others, containing 75 acres, more or less.

Terms—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year and the balance in two years with interest; deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. M. L. RISHEL,
J. B. REAM,
8oct Executors of Michael Ream.

CAUTION.—A promissory note, given on date of Jas. S. Krape's sale, by Wm. Rearick and J. F. Rearick, early in June, 1884, at 90 days, for $21.87, has been paid, but as the note has not been delivered to the proper parties, all persons are hereby cautioned against the purchase of said note.

WM. F. REARICK.
Spring Mills, Oct. 8. 3t

HOUSE AND LOT AT PRIVATE SALE.—A fine lot containing a good two-story House, with good stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered by the undersigned at private sale. There is a young orchard of choice fruit on the premises and a well of excellent water. For terms apply to BENJ. SMITH,
24sep4t Farmers Mills, Pa.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed, sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 28apr3m

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles south west of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may3m Spring Mills, Pa.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL,
6aug3m Nunda, New York.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

GOOD WEEKLY PAPER FREE.

We will send the *Chicago Weekly News*, one year, to any one sending us the names of three new Cash subscribers to the CENTRE REPORTER, and give each of the new names 2 months (14 months) as a premium. This is a liberal offer, that leaves us no profit, but we make it as a trial to increase the list of the REPORTER. Any one can easily get three names under the above inducements and be well remunerated for his trouble. Two half yearly subscriptions will answer for one, and 6 half yearly for 3. tf

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

We certainly lead all—Garmans.

Plaids, velvets and ribbons—Garmans